

# SPRING Punch

DETROIT PUBLIC LIBRARY

APR 17 1961

HOME READING



*McMurry Bell*



## The University of Schweppshire



THE UNIVERSITY UNION. Schweppshire's Oldbrick defers to tradition but it also reserves the right to be more so. Example: in the older universities Usual Stuff formed the basis of education. General cultural amelioration existed, in fact it was often said that actually really that was what one went there for. People were inclined to join Groups, originate film societies, or play some form of 'cello; yet the thing never achieved higher than Outside Activity status.

But at Oldbrick, Outside is Inside. Once the student has passed Irresponsions and Tinigo he can take his degree in, say, Union Debating. Here, indeed, we actually see them on the spot studying for their D.E.B.S.O.C. It is possible to obtain an Artsmastership in sitting in official positions with poise and imperturbability; a Baccalaureate in being a member of an audience with informality and indifference; and a Pestmastership in making visiting notabilities feel awkward and out of place by confining them to one small sherry two hours before speaking time, and preparing the way for their appearance by a flood of incomprehensible local references in order to confuse them with inexplicable laughter. A minor Exhibitionism, worth £8 a year, is given (see inset) for the preparation of the prepared impromptu.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERESCENT LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

# A Swedish deep freezer

is it  
something  
worth looking  
into?

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APR 17 1961

HOME READING



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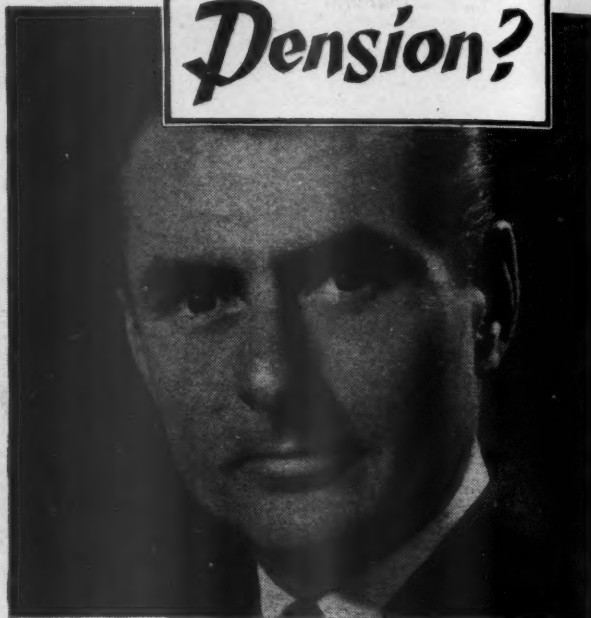
  

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INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT : 13-17 April 1961

INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW : 26 & 27 April 1961

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'A beauteous evening calm and free'



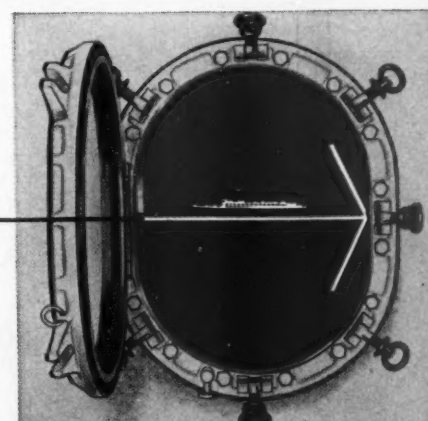
They enjoyed the cocktail party enormously. They met interesting people . . . did full justice to the most fascinating array of canapes that ever graced a tray. Afterwards they dined from a menu that might have been set to music. Now, while the rival attractions of dancing, film or concert are discussed, they take just one more turn on deck to see the sun taking its final curtain in the West.

steady as you go —

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MOST CUNARDERS ARE FULLY STABILISED

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GUINNESS PETS PAGE N° 4

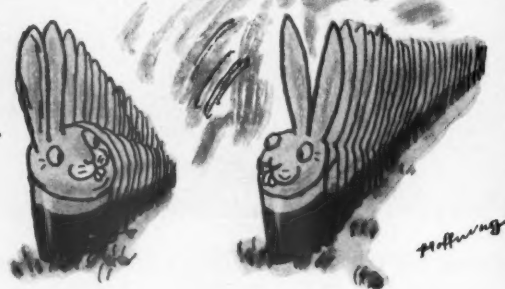
# Life and Litters



Common or garden rabbits  
Have most reproductive habits;  
In every way, we'd say, they were terrific!  
No matter what the breed,  
They breed and breed and BREED . . .  
The beast, to say the least of it's prolific.

The lettuce for their lunch,  
That your rabbits love to munch,  
Can be got for all the lot in half a second.  
Oh, it's such a simple pet  
That you simply can't regret  
That Bunny, though such fun, is quite so fecund.

To buy a buck and doe  
Will not cost you much, you know,  
If they're small 'uns—*Himalayans, Silvers, Dutch* . . .  
While a handy sort of feller  
With a hammer in the cellar,  
Quickly knocks a wooden box up for a hutch.



## WARNING NOTE

Wild and country rabbits are destructive in their habits. When they spot them farmers pot them in their spinneys. And the missus pots them, too, for a tasty rabbit stew—Ah! How good it is with quantities of Guinness.

# GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

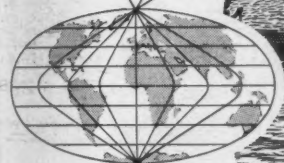
# BEHIND THE DUNLOP SYMBOL



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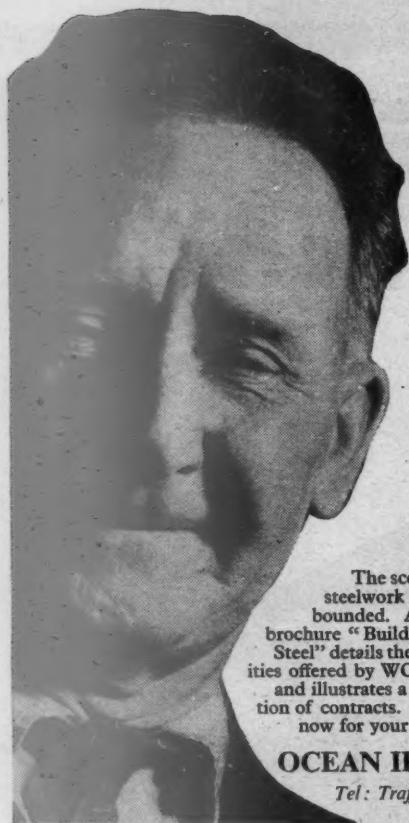
20 RESEARCH LABORATORIES

This hut bearing the Dunlop sign stands on a South Pacific Island so isolated that a boat calls only once every three months. But communities everywhere demand Dunlop products and so even in this remote place there is a Dunlop distributor. This depot is one of many hundreds, small and large, covering the world. Recent years have seen such an expansion of Dunlop operations that today there are distributors in 140 countries, providing an increasing range of products and services. Wherever men build, mine, farm and travel, a Dunlop distributor is near at hand to supply their essential needs.

## **DUNLOP** SYMBOL OF PROGRESS

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Punch, March 29 1961



# BUILDING in Steel

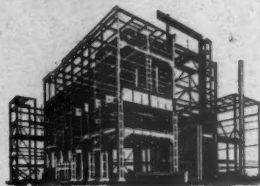
—the people who count

Jim Edwards' smile is worth ten million! Just about that many rivets have been hammered home by him in forty fast-working years at Woods. A squad leader, Jim inserts hundreds of rivets a day with the pom-pom gun or hydraulic machine. He's a very useful member of the Works

Committee too. We value this cheerful, energetic craftsman and all those like him at Woods. Continuity in service and craftsmanship have made and maintained our high reputation for steel construction.



The scope of steelwork is unbounded. A new brochure "Building in Steel" details the facilities offered by WOODS and illustrates a selection of contracts. Send now for your copy



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Friends and wine should be old

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DRY SACK—Spain's Medium Dry Sherry—famous for over 50 years, is also available in pocket flasks, half bottles, and magnums.

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EQUATOR	26/6
AS YOU LIKE IT	24/6
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**SUMMIT shirts**

by **AUSTIN REED** of Regent Street  
LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

Punch, March 29 1961

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## It's different now



*"Your friend Mr. Charlie Champagne may be a well-known name, sir. But for a Personal Reference The Bank of Belgravia would much prefer a Bishop and, say, one or two presentable Justices of the Peace."*

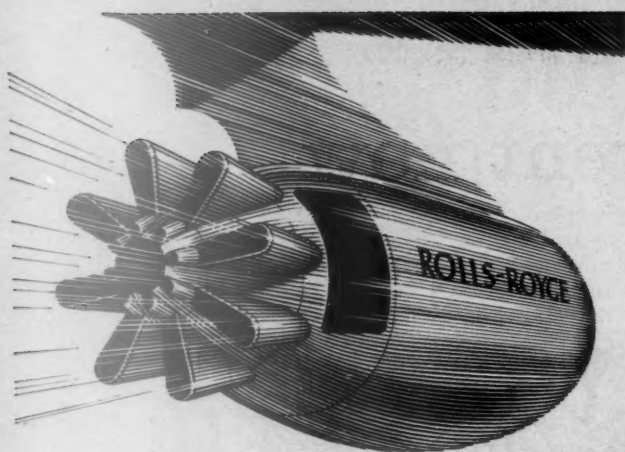
STIFF CUFFS and standing on ceremony were fashionable sixty years ago. They went together, and together they went out. Some loss of elegance, in our dealings with each other, may have resulted – but what a gain in goodwill and good humour since those days!

We at Lloyds Bank have moved with the times, and our relations with our customers have never been more friendly. Which goes a long way to explain why so many people are happily opening accounts with us.

How about yourself?



**LLOYDS BANK LIMITED**



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Supreme service on  
the World's finest  
airliners ... London  
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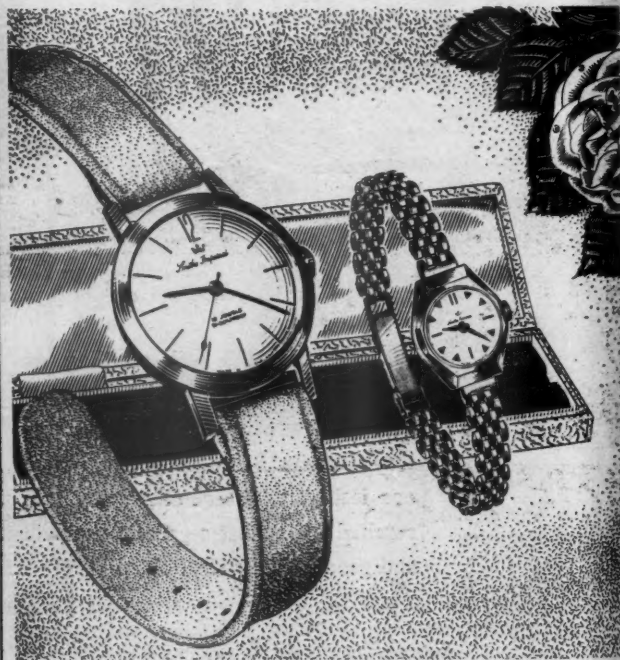
# SMITHS FOR TIME



It's good to know that you can trust a name. No watches in the world start life with a future more assured than Smiths 'Imperial'. All the essentials for meticulous timekeeping and permanent dependability are contained in their 17 - 19 jewelled movements. Superbly individual in design, these watches are shockproof, have rustless 'Permalife' unbreakable mainsprings, 'Chronospan' anti-magnetic and temperature compensated balance springs, and are unconditionally guaranteed for one year. Jewelled models in the wide Smiths range can be obtained from 51/- to £63.10.0. Your Jeweller will gladly help you to make your selection.

1.502  
19 jewelled shockproof model.  
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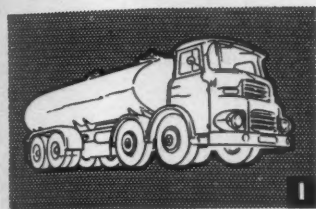
1.003  
Lady's 17 jewelled 9 ct. gold  
watch with integral gold  
bracelet. £29.0.0



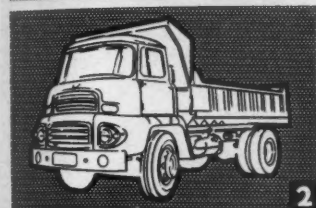
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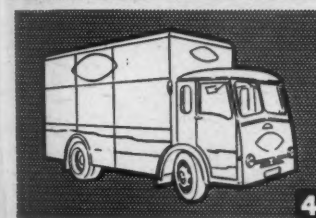
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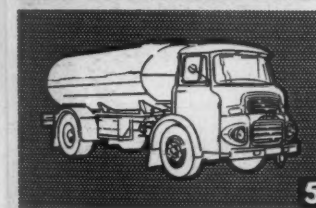
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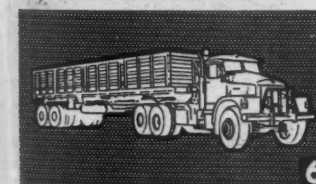
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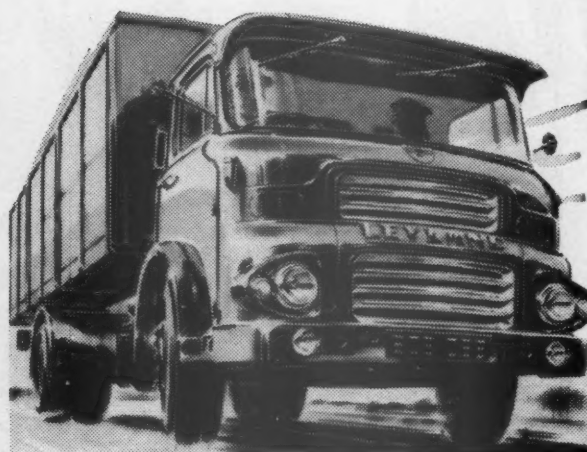


6

# WE NEVER STOP LEARNING AT LEYLAND

From long years of experience, the Leyland Group have learnt how to give their trucks and buses everything the big 'uns should have—power, economy, guts. But even at their present high level of performance, we still aim for better things. If a Super Comet now speeds down a motorway at 70 m.p.h., then we want 80 m.p.h.—without sacrificing economy or safety. If a Claymore averages

20 m.p.g. in heavy traffic, then we're after 22-24 m.p.g. And if a Super Constructor hauls gross train weights of 150 tons—let's plan for 200 plus. We'll do all this—and more. For, although the knowledge gained from sixty years of experience at Leyland has brought us outstanding leadership and success, we never intend to stop learning.



LEYLAND BEAVER

- |                       |                              |
|-----------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 Leyland Octopus     | 4 Albion Claymore            |
| 2 Leyland Super Comet | 5 Albion Chieftain           |
| 3 Leyland Atlantean   | 6 Scammell Super Constructor |



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We do not supply drivers or manufacture cars; but long before the question of driving arises, GKN is co-operating with the motor industry on a very large scale indeed. Machines for toolmaking; automated welding and paint-spraying plant; forgings of every description; fastenings without end—over 80 companies of the GKN Group are inextricably, and very happily, involved in travel and transport. The GKN Group includes Europe's largest makers of pressed steel vehicle wheels and Britain's biggest producers of chassis frames; and there are GKN companies making auto body panel assemblies, cylinder blocks and heads, con. rods, crankshafts. Certainly, without us, there would be very little driving—from either seat.



\* Guest, Keen & Nettlefolds, Ltd., Head Office, London Works, Smethwick 40, Staffs.

# Simon

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Styled with the discriminating man in mind... for whom only the best is good enough.

New 'slimline style with very slight flare on jacket, and just the suggestion of slant on pockets... tailored in a **SUPERB PURE NEW WOOL CLOTH.**

See Simon Tailored clothes at leading men's shops throughout the country.

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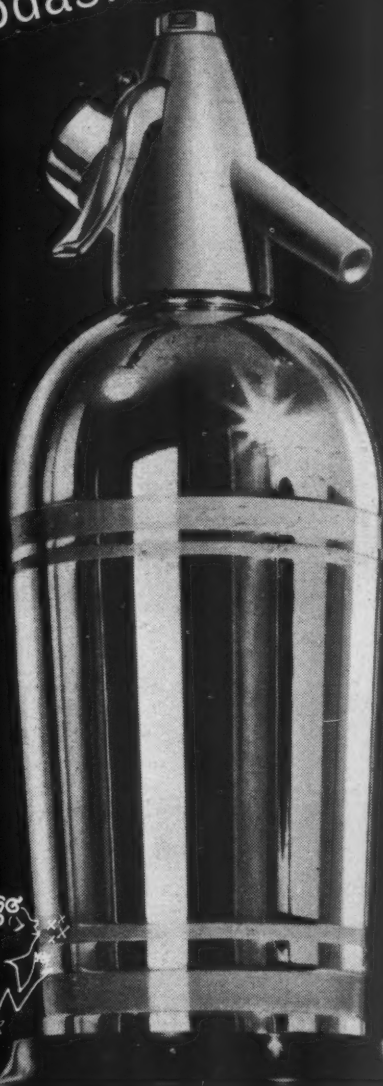
WHOLE-CUT uppers and whole-cut linings are found only in exceptional shoes — shoes, like **STRAND**, lasted by hand, leather-soled, and made individually. To complete your comfort the socks are cushioned. A pair of **STRAND** will cost you about six guineas—and be among the best shoes you have ever bought.

*In brown polished aniline  
In black supple calf  
In D and E fittings*

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## Sparklets syphons

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GLOBEMASTER MODEL 112/6 • SPARKLETS BULBS BOX OF TEN 5/6

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## NATIONAL AND GRINDLAYS BANK

### SUCCESS OF ARRANGEMENT WITH LLOYDS BANK

The Annual General Meeting of National and Grindlays Bank Limited will be held on April 11 in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement by the Chairman, Mr. J. K. Michie:

The principal event in our record of 1960 is not reflected in the balance sheet—the acquisition by us of the Eastern business and branches of Lloyds Bank Ltd., and as a part of that bargain the acquisition by Lloyds Bank Ltd. of just under 25 per cent. of our capital. This mutually agreeable arrangement was ratified by you at an Extraordinary General Meeting held on 15 November, 1960. As you will see it has added nineteen to our list of branches and as will emerge it means an increase of around £50 millions in the total of our next balance sheet.

A great deal of time and thought was given to preparation for this merger of interests and your General Manager, Mr. Gillespie, and I have just returned from tours much of which we did in concert though his was the more comprehensive and strenuous. Our visits covered the principal branches of the combined Bank in India, Pakistan and Aden. In addition Mr. Gillespie visited Ceylon.

### ADDED STRENGTH ASSURED

Our journeys although covering a wider field were undertaken with the particular object of seeing that in every possible respect the merger should get off to a good start and that there should be no misunderstandings about our future policy in the minds of either our constituents or our staff.

I am glad to report that our impressions were without exception favourable. Our combined staffs have from the outset shown a most admirable team spirit while our constituents appreciate that the merger means additional strength to the Bank. There is too a realization in India and Pakistan that banking should be inherently as strong as possible and this was reflected in expressions of approval of the merger made to us by many individuals including members of the banking fraternity.

### GROWTH OF ADVANCES

The total of our consolidated balance sheet at 31st December, 1960 was £181,551,921—an increase of £18,516,333 over the previous year. The growing demand for finance in the territories in which we operate has resulted in an increase in advances of just under £19 million. Current, Deposit and other accounts are over £18 million higher, but this pressure of demand for seasonal finance has had the effect of reducing our liquidity ratio.

At £479,276 our net profit was £74,568 higher reflecting the overall more favourable conditions for banking which obtained in our territories in 1960 in comparison with the previous year—which in turn showed an improvement over 1958.

Subject to necessary reservations in respect of East and Central Africa and Burma this better climate for banking generally seems likely to continue and as a consequence of this view we have increased our second interim dividend for 1960 from 6½ per cent. to 7 per cent. making the total distribution for the year 13½ per cent. Further this action would not have been taken unless we had felt justified in promising to consolidate this rate of dividend—you can therefore expect subject to no unpredictable contingency to receive 14 per cent. on the increased capital for the current year.

### CONFIDENCE IN THE FUTURE

While it is apparent that all is by no means plain sailing it is also true to say that your Board and Management do not take a pessimistic view of our future, otherwise we should neither have increased our dividend nor have increased the number of our branches and sub-branches from ninety-four to the present total of one hundred and forty-one in a period of just over a year. We continue to believe that whatever the political future, sound banking is a necessity to economic life, and it is that which we aim to provide. Indeed I agree with those who argue that sound economics backed by a stable banking system is a necessary background to any country and any Government and should have a high priority.

We incline to claim that we are a special repository of wisdom on international affairs and that others have always been glad to have our counsel but I feel that would be a more valid argument were we to prove ourselves more successful and more able to help them financially. There is much in the Russian claim that the cold war is now becoming an economic one.

VANDEN PLAS

# Princess

the car in a thousand



Vanden Plas Princess 3-litre

Prestige without ostentation is the acknowledged stamp of the Vanden Plas Princess.

Now there is a Princess 3-litre as well as the 4-litre. It has all the qualities of its big-sister — coach-built interior, precision-engineered, disc-brakes, speed, superb comfort — and withal a style, a personality and a gracefulness which set it far above any comparable car.

## VANDEN PLAS PRINCESS 3-LITRE

Its performance and comfort are in every way superior to those of any other motor-car in the same class and price bracket. Full automatic transmission is available as an extra.  
Price £985.0.0 plus £411.10.10 P.T.

## VANDEN PLAS PRINCESS 4-LITRE

The ideal town-carriage, supplied to Royalty, ambassadors, cabinet ministers, and leaders in industry and the professions. A unique example of the true coach-builder's craft.  
Price £2150.0.0 plus £896.19.2 P.T.

The Vanden Plas Princess 3-litre and Princess 4-litre



Vanden Plas (England) 1923 Ltd.,  
Kingsbury Works, Kingsbury, London N.W.9

# PUNCH

Vol. CCXL No. 6289  
March 29 1961

Edited by  
Bernard Hollowood



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\*For overseas rates see page 522.

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## The London Charivari

I AM curious about the motives behind the practical (*tchah!*) arguments against our having a National Theatre. It is perfectly obvious that we must have one, but there seems to be a feeling that it would be unsportsmanlike to find the money, buy a site and start building. That's not how we got our other great national monuments; the proper way is for a bunch of cranks to get together, put on plays in a condemned warehouse, lose all their best actors to the West End, persuade some vast commercial combine to build them a theatre for "prestige" reasons, become an institution, and then all Parliament would have to do is tell them they could now call themselves "The National Theatre." Perhaps they might even be allotted a "Royal." The beauty of this system is that it would cost none of the rest of us any money, time or worry—and we are adepts after all these years at concealing our shame.

### Dignity and Impudence

WHILE MPs discuss among themselves their chances of an increase in wages, I would like to propose a



token reduction of £10 a year to take a bit of the conceit out of them. A Labour back-bencher is reported to have told a

staff officer who kept a Parliamentary delegation waiting because he had to go and meet the Chief of the Defence Staff that he had his priorities wrong: "This is a delegation from the sovereign Parliament of the United Kingdom. Mountbatten is just an official." And another Labour back-bencher (or so I was told by a Tory back-bencher) complained recently after being received in the British Embassy in Paris that the Martinis were not strong enough. "What do these fellows think they get all these allowances for?" he asked indignantly.

### Exclusive

THE other day Lord Beaverbrook's favourite newspaper patted itself on the back for its fearlessness in the pursuit of exclusive news. On the



opposite page was a memorable news beat: "A bee 'buzzed' Princess Margaret yesterday as she left the platform after a launching ceremony at John Brown's shipyard on Clydebank."

### Food for Thought

WE don't mention the Labour Party and revolution in the same breath any more, but it looks from the Party's new pamphlet *Science and the Future of Britain* as if they want to make a revolution in our dietary habits. They propose an Institute of Human



Hollowood

"If you ask me, sir, men like Dr. Beeching are worth every five shillings of their £24,000 a year."

Nutrition which, among other things, will "look closely" at the fish and chips, ice-cream and chocolate industries "which may be implicated in some cases of arterial disease." As if this were not enough, eleven pages further on they come out in favour of something called "sandwich courses." This isn't the way to win votes and influence people in the affluent society.

#### A Peer into the Future

I CANNOT help wondering what set of circumstances will eventually force Parliament to allow a man who has inherited a peerage to renounce his title and continue to sit in the House of Commons. Mr. Wedgwood Benn has as good a case as can be advanced on a rational level, so it will have to be something of stronger political appeal than reason; and, if Mr. Macmillan is still lolling behind the reins of government, something satisfyingly melodramatic. What about an elder statesman whose son is an up-and-coming firebrand? The statesman convinces himself that the son's continued presence in the Commons is dangerous to the country, so he patriotically accepts a peerage and commits suicide. (Actually the famous Macmillan père et fils cross-talk act would be well cast in this episode.) Or else . . . but imagination fails. Reason, as I say, failed long ago.

#### Pedestrian Patriots

THOUGH ahead of us technologically, America lacks our expertise in putting over the motherland image. Here come the US Schoolmen's Legion limping along with a slogan for daily recitation by pupils: "This is my land. It is a free land. I love my country." We made our point modestly and with music (*maestoso*, from memory) in a baritone's benefit number which went "England's a fair land, A just and a rare land, England is God's Land, Home of the free." Not to mention the succinct world survey, also set to widely sung music, "'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can, The island home of an Englishman." Messages go better to music.

#### Hold it!

THOSE British soldiers who have joined the German Army for a spell presented the photographers with a problem: how best to symbolize the *entente*. One picture showed a long rank of British soldiers facing a long rank of German soldiers, each man shaking hands with his opposite number, as curious a military manoeuvre as has been seen since two Free French fighter wings took off simultaneously from opposite sides of the aerodrome. Another picture showed a British soldier and a German soldier reclining in a double-tier bunk (the kind the British Army pretends it does not have any more), one offering the other a light. Each was



"Rather tactless, mushrooms on toast to end up with."

In next Wednesday's  
PUNCH  
**Encyclopædics Eponymous**  
A supplement for modern works  
of reference  
and  
**The Mail Goes Through**  
By E. S. TURNER  
who explains what happens to  
letters delivered years after posting.

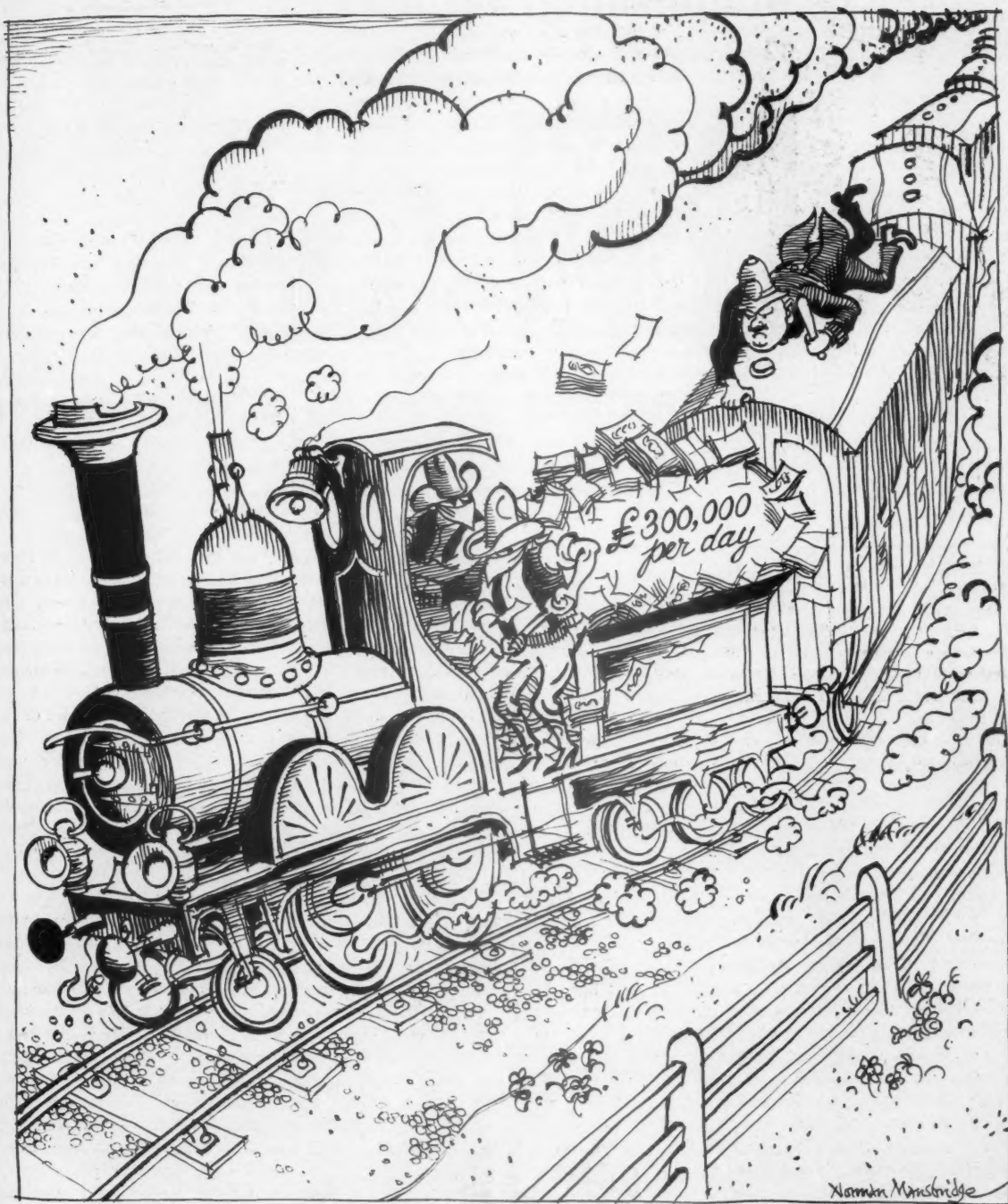
fully dressed, with his cap on. Left to themselves the two might have disposed themselves differently; but with RSMs scanning the public prints for men improperly dressed you can't be too careful.

#### Best Seller

THIS has been a serious and spiritual venture, not a stunt," said the organizer of the 224-hour reading of the New Testament's new translation at Middlesbrough. Red lights flashing to warn the next reader, an old lady sitting for fourteen hours, a starting hour of 4 a.m., all were the sort of things you find at a stunt but, we must accept Mr. Vigors' word for it, a stunt it was not. Any similarity to pole-squatting or to the feats of students who pack themselves into telephone kiosks or on top of pillar-boxes is purely coincidental. What a brilliant sales campaign it has been. I hope all the profits don't go to the printers and binders and distributors. What about using some of the money for cleaning the soot off St. Paul's?

#### And All for £24,000

MR. MARPLES' Parliamentary speech presenting Dr. Beeching's qualifications for the post of chairman of the British Transport Commission and the Railways Board was notable for patches of glowing, peachy, abstract cloudiness. There were no vulgar specific details of Dr. Beeching's special knowledge of railways. Evidently Mr. Marples felt it was enough to say that Dr. Beeching was a brilliant man with a very considerable experience over a wide field of industry and "great skill in negotiation," and that he had great qualities of patience, calmness in emergency, resolution, and ability to see the other man's point of view. I should now as a tax-payer like to know that Dr. Beeching is also punctual, neat, tidy and full of *esprit de corps*. —MR. PUNCH



# THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY OR, BEECHING TO THE RESCUE

[According to Mr. Marples, Minister of Transport, British Railways are now losing money at the rate of over £300,000 a day]

## Diminishing Returns

*What is happening to the old staples of British entertainment? To the theatre, the cinema, soccer and cricket? Are they in fact declining? And if so, why?*



CRICKET



By E. W. Swanton

*E. W. SWANTON has been watching, and writing, and playing cricket since the middle 'twenties. He has been the Daily Telegraph Cricket Correspondent since the war, is the senior of the broadcasting squad and expects this summer to describe his 150th Test Match. Still occasionally dodgers out on to the field.*

THE proposition before the house is, as I understand it, that cricket is in decline. Of course. Go back a mere sixty years—exactly that as a matter of fact—and hear Alfred Lyttelton declaiming at the General Meeting of MCC held to change the LBW Law: "I do not think I have ever heard anybody dispute that the game is made more tame and monotonous than it ever was . . . What wonder is it then, that other and inferior games like golf—[laughter]—entice away the disappointed cricketer, and satisfy him with the sedater joys that belong to that game?"

Tame and monotonous? Sedater joys? Mark the date well, for it was 1901, in the exact middle of what has been exalted by every historian from H. S. Altham downwards as the Golden Age. (It was considerably earlier, as is well known, that Queen Victoria, dropping in one day at St. John's Wood, was heard coldly to remark that we were not amused.) The reformers have always been busy with cricket—with its laws, with the regulations for Tests and the County Championship, with the pitches and the implements, the clothing, the customs and conventions. It has thrived from one generation to another on doom-laden prophecy. The amateur is extinct, we were told with dreary iteration, before the last war as well as after it. But a band of these moribund amateurs who won't lie down have been carrying English batting on their shoulders for years now. Is cricket dead or dying, or, as the man maintained who read his own obituary notice, is it that the news is greatly exaggerated?

Confining our attention for the most part to first-class

cricket we must recognize the fact that, week in and week out, high days and holidays apart, attendances have never been large, by the standards of football. All except a few counties with the biggest populations have existed since their admission to the Championship (circa 1895, if not before) from hand to mouth. Red is practically the only colour their bank balances have ever known.

In fact if popular support be measured in terms of club membership as well as of numbers passing through the turnstiles it can be contended that crowds on the County grounds have latterly increased. That insatiably inquisitive fellow Mr. Webber, whose probings have often brought valuable facts to light, recently published in the *Daily Mail* the figures provided by ten counties for the two six-year periods, 1934/39 and 1955/60. The gates in the latter period, averaging a little under 100,000 per county per year, were a thousand or two up over the earlier one. The membership furthermore had virtually doubled from less than three thousand per club before the war to well over five thousand to-day. Last summer, certainly, county gates were down to little more than a million people in all. But, apart from the fact of the South Africans proving a very limited attraction, it was a damp summer with a four-month rainfall of 12·8 as against the mean figure calculated over countless English summers of 10·3. The latter figure I take from a learned pamphlet entitled *The Future of Cricket. The Cause of its Decline. A Suggested Remedy*, by Capt. W. A. Powell. It was published in 1933!

The author, a noted Kentish cricketer and games-man generally, produced all sorts of graphs to show how the run-rate had decreased, and the proportion of maiden overs and unfinished matches had correspondingly grown—ever since the dull days lamented by Alfred Lyttelton at the turn of the century. His "remedy" may cause a hollow laugh among the initiated. It was simply that an extra be added to the total for every ball scored off, and a run deducted for

every ball not scored off. The gallant Captain in the naïve 'thirties had never seen such bowlers as Mr. B—y or Mr. P—e or Mr. S—n bottling up all and sundry on a green wicket at the sea-side. Why, with this notion on the statute books we should have Blankshire edging into first innings points with a score of minus 72, against Loamshire's minus 90.

Since those days, as also before them, this would-be reformer has had his imitators by the score. It is one of the fascinations of cricket that every other addict you meet has a cast-iron method of rousing the players to new heights of energy and generally putting cricket back on the map. Lord's itself has encouraged, or at least acquiesced in, all sorts of reforms. By the dictates of the last special committee but one examining The Future Welfare etc. etc. the boundaries have been standardized at seventy-five yards, the number of on-side fielders has been limited to five, and scorers, armed with abacus and slide-rule, determine whether, and if so by what minute fraction of a run per over, the side leading on first innings is entitled to bonus points.

Since then (1957) the counties have determined on the almost total covering of wickets: this winter they have decreased the permitted frequency of the new ball, and—a more fundamental reversion still—have experimentally

abolished the follow-on. About the only things not recently changed have been the bat and the ball—and Mr. Peebles leads a small select school (I am not even sure there are any other members) having sinister designs on the ball. As I write another Commission of Enquiry under the august chairmanship of Colonel Rait-Kerr is named and already at work conscientiously cooking up yet other schemes to put back the zip into cricket. It is a bulky body, which *The Times* has chided in advance for its powers of loquacity, and one can imagine the fresh hands there having rather to strive for a hearing: Mr. Aidan Crawley aiming with practised skill to catch the Speaker's eye; Mr. Bowes, too, who is all too used to the garrulity of press boxes, poor fellow; and Sir Edward Lewis, described somewhat infelicitously as "representing the public"—as though that were not a function of them all. No doubt the great Doctor looks down on the scene, plucking his ethereal beard, and remarking in that strange small squeak to Alfred, Archie, Stanley, Martin and the hosts on high that this cricket has become a rum sort of a business.

What, basically, is the present problem? As I was about to observe until side-tracked by Captain Powell it is not that support has dwindled, but that costs have risen so that the old degree of patronage is not enough. Where the public



"Fore!"

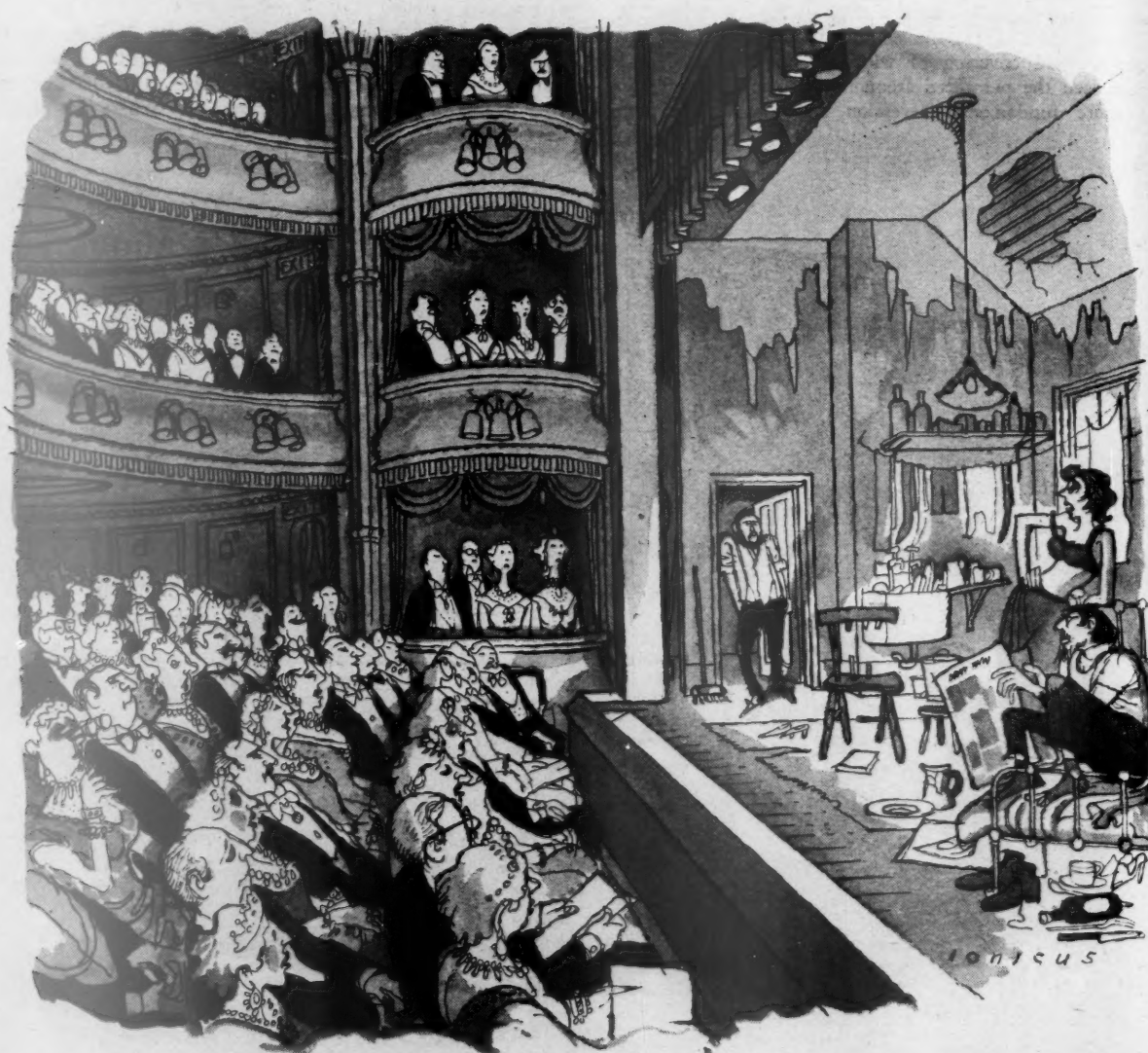
tends all the time to become more selective—because this generation has more money in its pocket than hitherto, its own means of locomotion, and a correspondingly wider range of competing attractions—the stream needs not merely to be kept constant but to be reinforced with recruits: preferably young ones.

Hence the need to make county cricket not merely *as* attractive as it never was but more so. For though in the bustle of the 'sixties there is relaxation in the serenity of an English cricket field tranquillity has its limits. The players must not only be alive, but must be manifestly seen to be alive. What are Colonel Rait-Kerr and Co. going to do about it?

Now no one surveying the scene through the eye of history can ignore the evidence of the Leagues of the North and Midlands, where on grounds mostly smallish and intimate good crowds are attracted, Saturday by Saturday, to watch

a game that has to be won and lost in the course of an afternoon. The lesson of the leagues is that people want to see not a slogging match—for those who are looking for that sort of action there are many diversions more intrinsically exciting than cricket—but at least a contest of urgency and purpose. It is all the better that they can follow it through from beginning to end.

Supposing two first-class teams were set at one another, on a fast, plumb wicket, with a single day to fight for a result on one innings. What sort of a fist would they make of it? Would it make good watching: or would the unlikelihood of a straight result without benefit of a declaration put too high a tax on tactical chivalry? The modern player has devoted so much care and thought to stopping the other fellow doing something that a complete change of front might conceivably produce a performance too phony to deceive anyone. If that argument does not convince (and I scarcely think it



does), could not the side in the worse position, once it has decided it has no chance of victory, usually succeed in preventing the opposition from winning?

Frankly, I do not know: and nor does anyone else. Those who try and foretell the effect of fundamental changes in cricket laws and conditions have a singularly poor record as prophets. But where so many dodges have been tried out, with only partial success, to revitalize cricket on the old three-day framework it is surely worth the experiment of presenting the game as it stands on a one-day basis and seeing how it goes down. I believe that when the findings of the Rait-Kerr Committee are made known their recipe for 1962 may turn out to be an experimental compromise with the counties possibly committed to playing each other once over three days as now with two one-day games thrown in. I do certainly think that a basic change of this kind, which will give the public the chance to cast its vote at the turnstiles, is preferable to another sheaf of playing conditions (outside the Laws) designed to woo the player with further incentives. If the modern batsman will not take advantage of covered wickets and an arbitrary short boundary often pegged out almost half-way between the field's edge and the pitch to score at an acceptable speed the only thing left is surely to deprive him of time.

There are those who will tell you that not only county but club cricket bears the marks of decay, but as to this I am not unduly anxious. The country-house match, maybe, is almost a thing of the past—if only because such country-houses as have not been turned over to police forces and county councils are mostly flitted into and out of by film-stars and week-ending tycoons. But one does not hear of the genuine club, be it town or village, closing down. And if there seem often to be over-many grey heads on the field may they not be cricketers all the more inclined to cling on to another season or two because of the six they were deprived of between 1939 and 1945?

Consider, too, the virtual loss of the generation that emerged from adolescence during the war. The sixteen-year-old in 1940 must now be thirty-seven. He will never have met club cricket as a boy. His elder brother may just have developed a taste for it. The youngster leaving school at the end of the war was lucky if he was ever taught to play. That is why there are so few first-class cricketers of any account between Peter May and Trevor Bailey. Look at any game at whatever level and see how few men there are in their lower or middle-thirties. That is the lost generation whose numbers will be made good in time from among to-day's young, being made cricket-conscious by the Youth Cricket Associations which in this past decade under the benevolent encouragement of MCC have sprouted like mushrooms all over the country. The recruits that these will be bringing to cricket must surely counter-balance the numbers whom increasing alternatives have lured elsewhere.

The clubs, mostly old-established and owning their own freeholds, are safe enough. I should like to see them integrated more closely into the cricket scheme, to the extent of county leagues, administered perhaps from the headquarters of the county club: this, of course, without any substantial inroads into their much-prized independence. Any notion of a league in the south brings up hands in pious horror. Piety? Or prejudice? I wonder. Having had all too brief

## The Cab War-1



"Lor luv you, sir, we 'ardly know they're about."

an experience of the Liverpool and District Competition I rate the cricket as excellent value. The slight extra "edge" and the centralization of information regarding form and promise might make for a better supply system to the counties than the costly County 2nd XIs which so drain the coffers. (Commander Babb at the Oval estimates for me a rough saving of upwards of £2000 in the case of Surrey if 2nd XI games were abolished and club and ground fixtures retained.) So much for all that.

I have kept these thoughts on a practical plane because the troubles of cricket all have their basis in economic factors. The broad appeal of cricket as a combative exercise—aesthetic, technical, moral, humorous, diversionary: however it be analysed—is as great as it ever was, so long as the game is played with chivalry and zest. Of that fact this winter's Australia-West Indies series has given a scintillating reminder. Thank goodness it has sent a few Jeremiahs into temporary retirement!

Next week: BERNARD HOLLOWOOD sums up

# Glaciers on Tap

By H. F. ELLIS

CHINA is not everyone's cup of tea, but even the bitterest of her critics must admit that now and again she comes up with a scheme or crusade so boldly conceived and at the same time so weirdly oriental as to touch the heart with wonder. There was the great Anti-fly Drive; there was the Backyard Smelting Affair; there was—there probably still is—the splendid simplicity of the scheme to build dams by roping in a few million men and women to carry baskets of earth on their heads. Now they are out after the glaciers.

The normal attitude of man to glaciers has been, I think it is safe to say, one of resigned tolerance. What can you do with a river of snow, compacted into ice, perhaps half a mile wide, twenty miles long and anything up to fifteen hundred feet deep, but give it a name, measure its rate of movement, and ski on the top of it in suitable weather? The glacier has its own inexorable laws for disposing of itself. When the huge crawling mass reaches a point low enough down the mountain

for the sun to melt its leading edge it turns into a river (the Rhone, for instance) and goes on its way; or in colder regions, like Greenland, it may reach the sea unmelted, when it pushes remorselessly out into the water until the front bits break off under their own weight and form icebergs. The middle part travels faster than the outsides which tend to get snagged on the banks—the Mer de Glace does up to two feet three inches a day in the centre as against a maximum of about one foot seven and a half inches at the edge—but I know of nobody who has attempted to make use of this or any other of the properties of glaciers, at least since 1878 when Mark Twain essayed the descent of the Riffelberg by sitting in the middle of the Gornerglotscher, with his baggage disposed on the shoreward parts “to go,” as he explains “as slow freight.” The general feeling seems to have been that a thing as lumpish and intractable as a glacier is best left alone.

The modern Chinese do not share this view. They have plenty of fine glaciers in western China, away up

there in the Tien Shan, the Altai and other noble mountain ranges, which between them are believed to hold the equivalent of 500,000 million cubic metres of water, a lot. Apparently these Chinese glaciers are sluggish, even as glaciers go, at letting loose their stored water and one can see how annoying that must be to the people down below in Sinkiang and Kansu where the rainfall is so inadequate as to make these provinces near-deserts. So the view of China's scientists is that, if these glaciers won't melt at a decent rate, they must be melted.

A minor point is that, in one part of Sinkiang where the rainfall is plentiful, the local glacier has a habit of suddenly melting too fast and flooding the place out every year. Hereabouts the Chinese have a notion to discourage this over-enthusiastic melting or, failing that, to dam up the surplus till required.

All this, though bold, sounds eminently sensible and not necessarily beyond the imaginative reach of any Western nation that found itself troubled by refractory glaciers. What makes China's schemes so endearingly oriental is the way they plan to set about them.

I suppose if you were to ask an American to melt a glacier he would build a nuclear power station near by and run white-hot electric wires through the ice or force steam under pressure down into the crevasses. There would be bulldozers everywhere and great curving pipes and an airstrip further up the glacier for high-ranking executives to land on. The amount of concrete used would be a record and the total mileage of rails laid would be enough to go fourteen times round the State of Texas with sidings stretching as far as Seattle and Atlantic City. The Chinese, so far, have not thought along these lines at all. They have not even, as one might expect, ordered all owners of backyard furnaces to carry them immediately on their heads to Tien Shan and stoke up around the lower rim of some suitable glacier indicated by Dr. Chu Ko-chen, vice-president of the Academy of Sciences. What they have

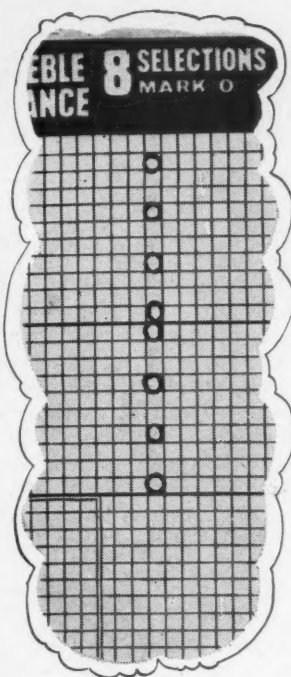
## THEN AS NOW

A. W. Lloyd provided our parliamentary drawings for over thirty years.



Stroke. "OF COURSE, I DON'T WANT TO CAUSE ANY UNPLEASANTNESS, BUT I CAN'T HELP THINKING THAT WE SHOULD DO BETTER WITH A LITTLE MORE UNIFORMITY."  
MR. CLYNES (cox), MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (stroke), MR. SNOWDEN, MR. A. HENDERSON, MR. WHEATLEY, MR. LEACH AND MR. SIDNEY WEBB.

March 5, 1924



actually done is well told by the *Times* correspondent in Hong Kong:

"The scientists report that in 1959 19 million cubic metres of water were made available for farmland by groups of people sent out by the local governments in Kansu. They are reported to have hastened the melting of mountain ice and snow by laying black materials on the surface, and to have done this again last year on a still greater scale, in both Kansu and Sinkiang."

On a still greater scale! One is not, of course, told the scale of the 1959 operation, so that the amount of black material laid in 1960 must remain a matter of guesswork. But anyone who has observed—on *Panorama*, say—the numbers of Chinese who turn out for a job of this kind will agree that it was probably a record. One sees in imagination the endless jean-clad files winding

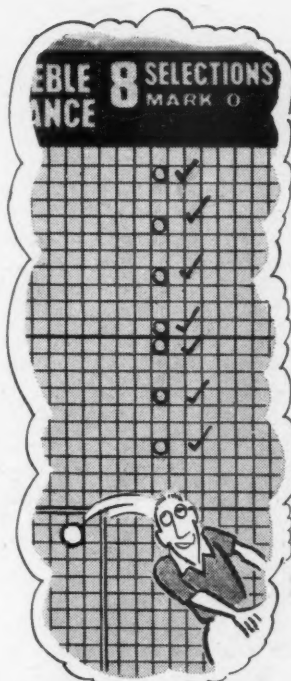
up the mountainside, their baskets piled high with the precious, life-giving material. Anything black would do: old stockings, widow's weeds, little black dresses, tarred calico, discarded morning coats, bear-skins, even inked-over rice paper borne proudly by the less well-to-do. Already the head of the column, led by four scientists carrying a huge tarpaulin, has reached the snowfields. And then what a cutting and laying, what a fitting and refitting of the intricate jig-saw until, as the sun gilds the peaks of Nan Shan on D-plus-30, not a square inch remains uncovered.

"She's giving!" A sudden shout goes up, down by the moraine, and sure enough, beneath its solemn pall the reluctant glacier creaks and groans, as in its death agony. At its foot a trickle of ice-cold water appears, swelling momentarily into a rivulet, a brook, a bubbling, gushing torrent. Soon, amid the cheers of a million throats, a mighty flood is rushing on its errand of mercy to the parched plains below, carrying with it, I suppose, as fine a collection of umbrella covers, lawyers' trousers and old black bedspreads as even the paddyfields of China have ever seen.\*

As to the Chinese method of dealing with the rogue glacier in Sinkiang which melts too rapidly rather than too slowly, it must suffice to say that they plan to use the stones and boulders carried down by the glacier either to cover its surface and thus reduce the glare of the sun or to build a dam at its foot. Possibly both, if the supply of stones (which one must assume to be white rather than black) holds out.

Whatever the final scheme, and however great or little its success, will it not be agreed that there is about all this a homely touch, a kind of make-do-and-mend, put-your-toe-in-the-cold-tap, amateurish, all-muck-in-together spirit that inclines one to think kindly of these indefatigable, innumerable, ingenious Chinese? It may be that they will engulf us all in the end, but they will do it, I like to think, in so bizarre and makeshift a way that at least we shall have one last laugh. Not with a bang, one might say, but a shemozzle.

\*The scientific explanation of the melting process here described is outside my province. But it has obvious applications for the Western world, e.g., in the use of unwanted bowler hats to expedite the removal of ice from refrigerator trays.



waite

#### BUDGET MEMOS—No. 9

Attention Mr. Selwyn Lloyd

Strongly urge beard tax, calculated under present face-hair trends to yield huge sums, apart from cheering clean-shaven public with thought that the bearded have to pay for looking like that. Sliding scale recommended, from full, with moustache, 10s., to jaw-hairline at 9d. Beards grown for professional purposes to be exempt (i.e., artists' agents, TV floor-managers, etc.).

Hon. Secretary

Tonsorial Operatives, Benevolent Association.



"At least it keeps their cars off the road."

## Towards a Brighter Boat Race

THE Boat Race, though a British Institution, Is subject to the law of evolution And nowadays, like races less pacific, It is becoming fiercely scientific, Decided not by muscles but by ploys Thought up by teams of pallid back-room boys. Last year, for instance, Oxford at the start Displayed an odd reluctance to depart; Leaving the Cambridge crew to sit and shiver They left their stake-boat for a cruise up-river, Spending no less than fifteen minutes in That small formality, the trial spin.

This disconcerting gambit (which bespeaks Close study of Pavlovian techniques) Was not the last of Oxford's artful aids: They played their trump card with an eight of "spades". And this year, given a favourable gale, Who knows?—they may decide to hoist a sail,

Some small wind-catching aileron or flap, An upturned peak, say, on the cox's cap . . . Such tinkering with classical traditions May soon provoke the Cambridge mathematicians To point out to their coach with some insistence That, since a straight line is the shortest distance Between two points, the best way to confound The enemy would be to run aground Four minutes from the starting point and scurry Over the slippery littoral of Surrey, Shoulder their craft across the brush and scrub Beside the golf course of the Ranelagh Club, Leg it down Church Road, Barnes, and re-embark Between Dukes Meadows and the four-mile mark; Two hundred lengths ahead at Mortlake Brewery They could afford to moderate their fury And win the race with ample time to spend Watching their rivals go right round the bend.

— E. V. MILNER



# GREAT FRANCO-BRITAIN

To celebrate the 21st anniversary  
of Churchill's Proposal for a Union

## A Picture History of Great Franco-Britain

### THE NAPOLEONIC "WARS"—II



4 *The Battle of Trafalgar.* After an exciting game of catch-as-catch-can to the West Indies and back, Nelson and his Band of Brothers finally caught Villeneuve and his Band of Brothers at Trafalgar, and a great and glorious battle was fought by all. The occasion was enlivened by the burning of several of the older ships, but somewhat marred by the accidental death of Lord Nelson. Otherwise it was a splendid victory.

Next, Napoleon, after easily defeating a pack of foreigners at Austerlitz and Jena, marched into Russia but was frustrated by bad weather; shortly afterwards he retired for a brief rest to the Island of Elba.

5 *The Battle of Waterloo.* Meanwhile the British had been practising fighting in the Peninsula under Wellington, the famous "Cast-iron Duke." When Napoleon returned from Elba, the time had come to bring the "War" to a conclusion. This was done at a magnificent battle at Waterloo, which, although it ended in a draw, is generally agreed to have been one of the finest battles ever fought. Both of our national characteristics were beautifully exemplified, Napoleon flinging his forces into the attack with typical élan, and Wellington warding them off with indomitable phlegm. A Prince Blücher, a Prussian, was also present.



6 *St. Helena.* Tired out by his exertions at the early age of 46, Napoleon decided to retire from public life. The pleasantly isolated island of St. Helena was chosen—an early example of Anglo-French collaboration—and here Napoleon lived out his days composing, as so many generals like to, his memoirs.

The "wars" that bear his name were indeed a glorious episode in our history. Between them the French and British occupied every capital in Europe, taking turns at some of them. And we are also proud to remember that we burnt both Moscow and Washington within two years of each other. No other nation has ever achieved a similar distinction, yet.



AS plans move forward apace for the celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of the founding of the First Royal Republic of Great Franco-Britain, it behoves us who have been the first to share the responsibilities and privileges of Franco-British citizenship to keep fresh in our memories some of the events and circumstances of our brief but glorious history.

London and Paris are coequally morally entitled and sentimentally disposed to look backward for a moment with pride before we continue our progress together. Let nobody any longer lend credence to the foolish claim that the legislative centre of government is any more or any less important than the social centre. Surely, in this joyous year of our coming of age as a nation, we need not quibble about the fact that it is more efficient for our politicians to work in London and pleasanter for the Court and foreign ambassadors to reside in Paris. Nature, not Man, gave our sturdy islands north of the Channel their peculiar suitability for debate, and our more equable mainland to the south its suitability for conversation. Let us accept the facts of Franco-British life as they really are, and make the most of the Tunnel that unites us.

A lot of traffic has crossed under the sea since June, 1940, when the Duc of Marrakesh, Mr. Churchill as he was then, made the proposal that led to the unification of Great Britain and France. What a stroke of genius it was on the part of M. Reynaud to accept the offer so promptly! There is no telling what disasters might have befallen Great Britain and France if each had remained separate. Lord de Gaulle, the military historian, in the new twenty-volume précis of his autobiography, has stated the opinion that without the Act of Union the invasion of Britain would undoubtedly have occurred before the end of the summer of 1940, and the French Army, weakened by Britain's withdrawal, would probably have been obliged to conduct guerrilla operations for many months, perhaps for years, before Germany sued for peace.

As things were, we recall with relief, our parent nations were so inspired by union that we hurled the Germans back with the minimum of delay. The Germans' sudden disillusionment and the successful revolt against the Hitler régime enabled them to surrender with characteristic dignity and without suffering significant damage to their heavy industries. The termination in September, 1940, of what might otherwise have spread to become a world war enabled our diplomats to consolidate Europe against the threat of what used to be known as Soviet Communism in the east, and American economic expansionism in the west. (Of course, the Russians have not been a menace since the Japanese extended their rule to Moscow. The Americans are in some ways more stubborn.) Some of our foremost political theorists have reasoned plausibly that if the war had been prolonged for two or three years there would have

### Great Franco-Britain Comes of Age

been such a profound psychological split between us and the Germans that we could never have gained their support for the grand European alliance, and without the European alliance there would inevitably have been crack-pots agitating for the establishment of some sort of international organization based on the ill-fated League of Nations.

Let us count our blessings. The new heavy Franc Sterling is almost certainly going to prove the equal of the Deutschmark, and our stamps are the pride of philatelists everywhere. The sun never sets on Dior tweeds. Now that the collection of taxes is no longer undertaken with such grim insistence in the islands of the old United Kingdom, more and more American lyricists are writing songs about the English provincial towns in springtime.

Above all, the young officers who go out from Sand-Cyr to serve in the garrisons overseas, whether in Egypt or Morocco or Indo-China, do so in full confidence that there can be no truth in the recent rumour that a physicist at the University of Hiroshima has discovered a way of releasing the energy of the atom in such a way that it would cause an explosion more powerful than that of TNT. In spite of the unfortunate Affair Bloggs, it is no more likely that another nation will ever surpass Great Franco-Britain in the development of weapons than it is that another nation will be the first to shoot a rocket beyond the gravitational pull of the Earth.



**Ma vieille grand'mère me chantait**

MY OLD GRANDMOTHER USED TO SING TO ME

**un chant très joli. Il disait:**

A VERY GOOD SONG. IT SAID:

**Chantez un chant de douze sous,**

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE,

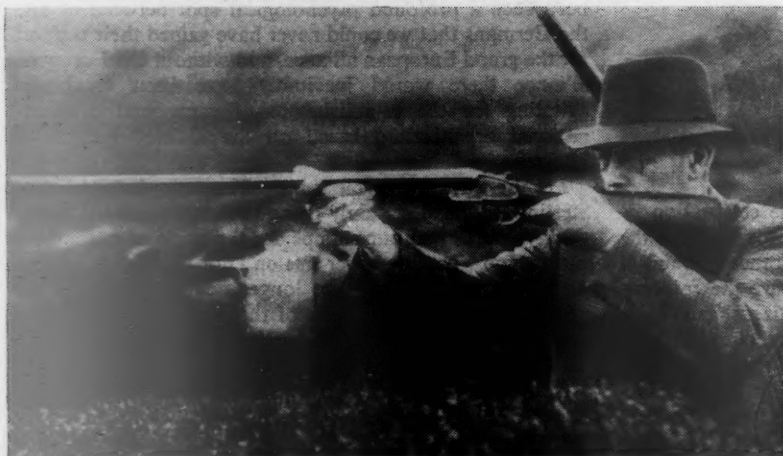
**une paquette pleine de**

A PACKET FULL OF PIE

**CAKEX**

the friendliest cake-mix of all.

For the real Anglo-French touch, use CAKEX!  
—you just add the flour!



M. Harold Macmillan, the current Prime Minister, taking part in a lark-shoot at Chateau Paquailly, country seat of Viscount Onassis.

## "ASSASSIN!" CRIES SIR MOWBRAY BLOUNT

A SALE NOT A TRANSACTION  
claims Sir Armand Hyacinthe

THE thirteenth day of the Sunday Vending (*Quenelles aux modes de Melton Mowbray*) Case opened with a dramatic intervention by Mr. Lucius le Querel, QC. Tearing aside the veils that concealed the political manoeuvres behind the attempt to persuade the Divisional Court to remit the defendants to the Examining Magistrate, he called upon heaven to witness that the majority shareholder in the company owning the Garage Road Grocery Boutique was the lover of the Minister of Culture's wife, who was herself sister-in-law of the concierge at the block of flats where the principal witness in the Bloggs Case had attended the fatal pontoon party.

At this stage a retired lottery-seller in the gallery, Herbert Dexter, rose and shouted that he had served his country and would not submit to the dictatorship of murderers, pimps, snobs and rascals. The presiding judge bade him calm himself but when he grew ever more violent and incited the other members of the public to demonstrate their patriotism by tearing

up the benches and "clobbering the referee" hordes of police hitherto kept out of sight threw themselves upon the veteran.

In response to a question from Mr. Justice Calouville de Noisy-Groignard, Mr. le Querel said that he based his right of audience on an obiter dictum of Lord Pawkes, Mr. Justice Pawkes as he then was, sitting as an additional member of the Court of Appeal, in the case of *Wolverhampton Securities v. Le Syndicat d'Initiative de Narbonne et Ken's Chewbars Ltd., A.C., 1953 at pa. 314.*

The Lord Chief Justice then moved the venue of the Court to the Garage Road Grocery Boutique where the purchase was reconstructed in the presence of the accused. The process was rendered dramatic by the intervention of an unnamed customer who, after interrogation by the Security Police, confessed to being in the pay of ex-Premier Lepereau (May-June 1947)'s mistress.

On resuming its deliberations in its own venerable place of audience, the

Court heard submissions of law and moral philosophy from Sir Mowbray Blount. Basing his words upon a quotation from the luminous Justinian he pressed the Court to accede to his plea to order a recording of interviews held in the flat of the Minister of Heavy Industry to be produced by the Military Police who, he charged, had

### L'AFFAIRE BLOGGS: NEW ALLEGATIONS

buried it in a disused culvert at Hythe. It was only thus, he pleaded in a loud, honeyed voice, that the hidden yet infamous connections between this case and the Bloggs Case could be dragged into the light of day.

In reply to one of the junior judges, Sir Armand Hyacinthe said that he stood foursquare upon the proposition that evidence must be relevant how-

### MISS BARDOT ADOPTED AS CANDIDATE

To Fight Woodford for Labour

ever intrinsically dramatic and revealing. Considerable laughter was caused by his Lordship's riposte that so thin a counsel as Sir Armand could not, in truth, be said to stand more than three square.

At this point in the lengthy yet compelling proceedings, Mr. Justice Chapple complained that a poisoned pie had been delivered to his house and nibbled by his servant who had fallen in a fit, frothing and writhing. He hazarded a guess that it was intended to reduce the party of good sense and honest inquiry on the bench by one. Weeping, the Solicitor General . . .

### FINE-WEATHER CARS JAM TUNNEL

21-Mile Pile-Up

## The State of Love

BEING a passionate, jealous, logical, family-conscious, perfidious, taciturn, phlegmatic, inarticulate, analytic race, the Anglo-French devote about seven-eighths of their time to love and enjoy it in an agonized sort of way on even dates, devoting the odd ones to feelings of guilt, remorse and frustration. The new duelling regulations, brought into force this week, permit you to challenge your wife's lover in Hyde Park on the first Monday of every month between 8 and 9.30 a.m. and 5 to 6.30 p.m., provided you apply for a proper licence ten days in advance and have your form signed by your doctor and local MP. (There is a special roped-off duelling enclosure, with weed-free turf and hamburger-kiosk for wronged husbands who are also peers of the realm.)

Take, as a typical example of Anglo-French home life at its best, a not uncommon suburban breakfast scene. The Comte de Cockfosters (a newish title, but none the less proud for all that), is moodily munching his croissants and Cooper's Oxford and wondering when his wife will twig his romance with his new status-symbol, the cynical girl-reporter in the black plastic raincoat who so inflamed his tired senses at a dinner-party but two weeks ago and about whom he already feels the nagging ache of a familiar boredom (always drinking Pernod in depressing pubs and driving her souped-up Miniminor with bare feet. He thought of taking her down to his villa at Bournemouth for a week in the summer but by now the idea seems unutterably tedious, though admittedly he must do something to keep up his reputation in the eyes of his indulgent mother, the arrogant and notorious old Mrs. Smith, living among her memories, her priceless G-plan antiques and her last remaining Balenciaga tweed tailleurs at The Laburnums further down the road.)

Madame la Comtesse, humming her favourite tune

### BLUE TRAIN IN RECORD RUN Marseilles to Grantham

("London, town of dead leaves and broken hopes, why do you cause my heart such torment?") through her teeth, is reading three fashion magazines simultaneously and planning her crowded day. Somehow she must visit her fortune-teller, dressmaker, milliner, hypnotist, masseur and plastic surgeon before receiving, at five sharp, her new seventeen-year-old lover who studies sociology, washes up in a little bistro in Chalk Farm and whose blue-blooded family have arranged for him to marry the sub-deb he once escorted to Madame Vacani's. The Comtesse knows all about the girl-reporter and has already attempted to send her to a decent hairdresser. Upstairs the son and heir, frail little Nigel-Alphonse, is sticking one or two pictures of Bardot in her latest movie (*Samedi Soir et Dimanche Soir et Lundi Soir Aussi*) into his Algebra book before slogging off to school. He too knows all about the girl-reporter and the washer-up and is planning to blackmail both.

"Goodbye, old girl," says the Comte absent-mindedly. "Ah, what an intoxicating perfume you're wearing," and



English Sprout Seller  
Montmartre - 61

## Paris Sketch-Book



Folk Dancers  
in the Wings  
Moulin Rouge



Angels near  
Le Port de l'Archevêché



A Quiet Game of  
Solitaire in a Parisian  
Bistro

he bites a sizeable hunk out of his wife's left shoulder before hastening away in the direction of the 8.55, on which there is never an empty seat in the Pinchers Only carriage. His wife, darting cheerily upstairs for a TCP compress, is already planning a nice fresh pot of tea and a clandestine picnic next week to High Wycombe with the Minister of Finance who may be crowding seventy and a terrible bore about draught beers and his secret recipe for Yorkshire pudding, but is always a perfect angel about helping her with her Pools.

The Polytechnic now runs evening-classes in love, Barbara Cartland has the Enid Starkie nomination as next Professor of Love at Oxford, the national dailies run a Love Supplement after the Travel Supplement and before the Kitchen Gadget Supplement, and the Consumer Research men are planning a new monthly called *How?* No sound has yet been heard from the Royal Commission on love

### FOG SHROUDS BOIS

set up five years ago in response to urgent demands in the Commons and the Press, but it is thought it may well recommend a theoretic study of love under proper medical supervision as an optional alternative to Latin for GCE A-level. At cocktail parties Anglo-Frenchmen no longer huddle together at one end of the room trying to pretend they are roistering in their clubs, but fall into animated conversation with the nearest woman to hand, urging her to tell them the names and schools of all her children and sharing tips for the three-thirty. The gay little ski-chalets in the Cairngorms are booked up all the year round by adorable Chelsea midinettes and their Advertising Executives on Anti-Ugly Study courses, and the GPO offers a cut rate for telegrams selected from their own coded list, such as "You are driving me bonkers," and "Angela dear, have been blind, blind fool." Love can never make the Anglo-French happy, as their analysts and bank-managers keep telling them. Yet after twenty-one years, it is undoubtedly here to stay.

## Parliament/Parlement

**T**HE Speaker mounted the tribune at half-past fourteen hours.

### NATIONALIZED LIQUEURS

MRS. CASTLE (Blackburn, Lab.) asked the Prime Minister what consideration he had given to the nationalization of the monastery at La Grande Chartreuse.

MR. MACMILLAN.—None, Sir.

MRS. CASTLE.—Is the Prime Minister aware that the monks at this establishment are using their privilege as members of a so-called religious order to compete in the liquor trade?

MR. MENDÈS-FRANCE (Louviers, Rad.).—Is the Prime Minister aware that excessive, how you say, potations of Chartreuse can result in heavy losses in industrial production through drunkenness?

HON. MEMBERS.—Shame!

MR. DUVAL (Cannes, Com.).—Assassin!

MR. MENDÈS-FRANCE.—Assassin yourself!

COL. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT (Knutsford, C.).—On a point of order, is it in accordance with the traditional standards of Anglo-French fair play for an hon. Member to try to bludgeon his opinions into another hon. Member with a rolled-up order paper?

MR. C. F. FLETCHER-COOKE (Darwen, C.).—As my great fellow-

countryman La Fontaine says, La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure.

MR. MACMILLAN.—In any case, the answer to both supplementaries is an enigmatic haussement of my eloquent épaules.

### THOUGHT FOR FOOD

The House went into Committee of Supply. On the Vote on Account, MR. LAGAILLARDE (Clichy, Rad.) moved a token reduction in the vote for the Kitchen Committee.

He said that since the chairman of the Kitchen Committee had been honoured with the bestowal of Cabinet rank (Ministerial cheers) the House would expect from him a higher competence in the execution of his duties than it had been satisfied with hitherto. As the noble Lord, Lord De Gaulle, had said in another place, we must all learn to pull together.

MR. CHATAWAY (Lewisham North, C.).—As Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, I must say that the hon. Member has little to learn about the art of cooking, when he is dealing with quotations.

MR. LAGAILLARDE.—On a point of order, Mr. Speaker, the words of the right hon. Member are an insult that can only be wiped out in blood.

MR. CHATAWAY.—If the hon. Mem-



Oxford students clashed with police during riots following a controversial decision in the "Torpid" bumping races.

## ANDRE BERET



ber will refer to the actual words used by Lord De Gaulle—

MR. LAGAILLARDE.—Is the hon. Member aware that I await satisfaction on the field of honour? (Opposition cheers and showers of inkpots.)

MR. SWINGLER (Newcastle-under-Lyme).—On a point of order, Mr. Speaker, is it in order for the hon. Member for Kidderminster to use the benches of the Chamber as a barricade? (Ministerial cries of "Oh!")

MR. NABARRO (Kidderminster, C.).

—It is the only way I can avoid seeing the ugly faces of the hon. Members opposite. (Opposition cries of "Zut alors!" "Sapristi!" and "Saperlipopetouille!" and renewed showers of inkpots, spectacle-cases and screwed-up order papers.)

MR. LAGAILLARDE.—Is the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee aware that he is a coward and a poltroon, and that he has the choice of weapons?

MR. CHATAWAY.—I am much obliged to the hon. Member.

## Les Critics

(ONE switches on late, because one has been over to the grocer for a litre of ordinary and become involved in an argument about whether shops ought to close on Sunday. A man is speaking.)

... cannot honestly say that *Carry On Gendarme* is up to the great tradition of the *Carry On* films. There is nothing in it to compare with the drunk scene in *Carry On Vigneron*.

A WOMAN: Oh, I thought that sequence where Alec Guinness interrupts every pair of lovers by the Seine and interrogates them about the missing jellied-eel vendor...

ANOTHER MAN: To me, the whole film was tainted by the influence of Hollywood's so-called "New Wave": some of my best friends are Americans, but...

(There is a sound of screaming and

cheering in the street. One dashes to the window. Seventy heroes flash past on bicycles. Good Lord, the *Tour de Middlesex*! One had forgotten all about it. One screams and cheers.)

A WOMAN: ... forgotten in our enthusiasm for *télévision pur* that abstract mime is rather boring?

FIRST MAN: Come now, you can't say it was really totally abstract—more of a Daliesque surrealist collage. To me the most fascinating thing about the programme was its texture.

SECOND WOMAN: And a sort of emotional flow—it gave me a real insight into this game you play in the army.

THIRD MAN: Well I couldn't help thinking of millions of viewers sitting there trying to get an intelligible picture on their screens. I bet they gave vent to plenty of emotional flow!

## Great Franco-Britain Comes of Age

SECOND MAN: Everything that has been said so far makes it seem as though this was rather a solemn occasion. Actually I thought bits of it extremely funny. To me...

(One has a sudden, ghastly thought. Did one leave one's lottery ticket at the grocer's? By the time one has found it nestling between a couple of fivepenny notes the SECOND MAN is reading his piece about this week's book.)

... the most successful obsessionist novel I have read. The plot, such as

## BLOGGS: 'J'ACCUSE!'

it is, is typically unappealing: a young separatist chemist is constructing a bomb, destined to be thrown at a visiting Minister of Culture from an unnamed foreign state, in the broomcupboard of a boarding house in Bradford. He is angry about some unnamed thing in his past and determined to get to some unnamed "top." His mistress is the daughter of a colonel of Paratroops. The novel consists almost entirely of a minutely detailed account of the construction of the bomb (I feel I have swept with every broom in that cupboard) interspersed with sip-by-sip narrations of his visits to the Café Prince of Wales

## CORNISH RIVIERA 'DRAGGING FEET'

Urged to Copy Côte d'Azur

to drink litres of sour beer and listen to the dons from the local university talking about women. The author's detachment is total. Not a comma in the book suggests any sympathy for his hero, any disgust at the Separatist movement (though disgust he must feel, one hopes, or he would not have been the recipient of the Prix Priestley)...

(One's attention slips, and one finds oneself wondering whether *Écrevisses à la Nage*, *Roast Beef and Yorkshire*, *Salade Médocaine*, *Stilton*, and *Frankipane Pipetière* is going to be enough for Sunday lunch. One nips out to the kitchen to suggest that some *Pâté de Canard Lucullus*, left over from when

the Maire came to dinner, would give the meal a decent kick-off. When one returns they are on to the controversial production of *Henry IV Part II* by the Comédie Française.)

... that it is really an improvement for the part of Falstaff to be rewritten in Alexandrines?

FIRST MAN: Certainly. To me it gives him a dignity he has hitherto lacked, and whose absence has detracted from the uniform kingliness—the high tone—of the play.

THIRD MAN: But surely that was what Shakespeare intended.

FIRST MAN: Shakespeare wrote

### TEENAGERS WRECK EIFFEL TOWER

some hundreds of years before the Union.

THIRD MAN: But even so...

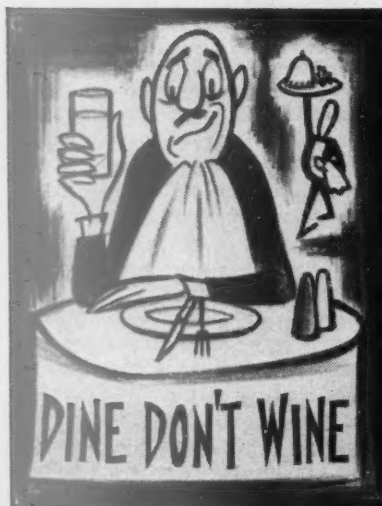
FIRST MAN: You are arguing like a Separatist.

THIRD MAN: Me! You accuse me of Separatism! Espèce de Bloggs!

FIRST MAN: Take that, you cur!

COMPERE: This week the Critics were talking about...

(One switches off and rings up the F-BBC to accuse the Director-General of harbouring traitors, Bloggs-lovers, Separatist swine, shiftless intellectuals and vivisectionists.)



## Les Lecteurs Ecrivent

M. le Rédacteur, *Le Figaro*

SIR,—The question of "What Churchill Meant" in June 1940 seems to have had long and needless debate in your correspondence columns. His draft agreement, later adopted in principle, said "The two Governments declare that France and Great Britain shall no longer be two nations but one Franco-British union." After twenty-one years, any doubts about the terms of the offer and of whether it was intended as a joke or not are obviously absurd. M. Reynaud, however curious some of the results have been, was right to accept. It was on much flimsier grounds that Mr. Churchill himself seized on General Marshall's offer of "Marshall Aid," which could have been interpreted (and was, by many Americans) as a mere absent-minded aside which, owing to Churchill's opportunism, cost the USA something in the region of 670,000,000 NF.

Yours, etc.,

COLIN BEESTHORNE FIGG.

Stepney.

\* \* \*

"Live Letters," *Daily Mirror*.

We two teenagers wonder if you would settle an argument we are having with our boys. They say that in the old days our country this side of the Channel was separate from the part on the other side, with its own kings and everything. Please tell us they're wrong.

SHIRLEY LE MESURIER

YVES-MARIE FLETCHER.

\*Bad luck girls. Ice-cream sodas are on you. Right up to 1940 the French were French and the British were British.

\* \* \*

The Editor, *The Sunday Times*

From Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery

DEAR SIR,—If I may comment on your article "Twenty-One Years of Military Memoirs" last week, I should like to correct a remark attributed to me. I did not say that had I been in General Gamelin's place on May 17, 1940, I would have "given the Boche the flogging he deserved," at Sedan and Montmédy. I said that I would have arranged to fight these battles elsewhere. Moreover, to my recollection I never gave Gamelin tea in my caravan, then or later. General Gamelin didn't drink tea.

Yours, etc.,

MONTGOMERY OF DUNKIRK.

\* \* \*

M. le Rédacteur, *Nice Matin*.

CHER SIR,—Now that the clamour for a National Theatre is reaching one of its periodic peaks again, may I suggest that the cultural authorities take a close look at its proposed repertory, while there is still time? Politically and economically our country has successfully assimilated

the conflicting features of what were once two distinct entities; culturally, the Molière v. Shakespeare war still rages. Unless this is resolved, the seats in the new theatre are going to be torn up nightly, and missiles flung at the company by either one faction or the other. Would a solution be to ban plays by both? Politically, if not culturally, the disappearance of *Henry V* would be no great loss, for instance. I know this country is now Franco-Britain, but the "Franco" element (dare I suggest a lingering isolationism, after all this time?) can't be too keen on that speech before Agincourt.

Yours, etc.,

CAMPBELL O'REILLY GWYN-WILLIAMS.  
Little Venice.

\* \* \*

The Editor, *Radio Times*

DEAR SIR,—Watching *Qu'est-ce que c'est que mon Genre* last night, as I do regularly, I could not help noticing increasing predominance of challengers with "French" names. I have been keeping a note of this trend for exactly a year now, and it shows 221 Duviviers, Duprés, Ramonets, Soustelles, Guillaumats, and so on, and only 97 Smiths, Jones and Robinsons, etc. And as for the ex-French premiers as celebrities, I grow heartily sick of them! (Incidentally, what was the accent M. Pflimlin was supposed to be using the week before last?) I'm only asking for fair play. After all, who put the Britain in Franco-Britain?

Yours truly,

"FRANCO-BRITISHER."

Hastings.

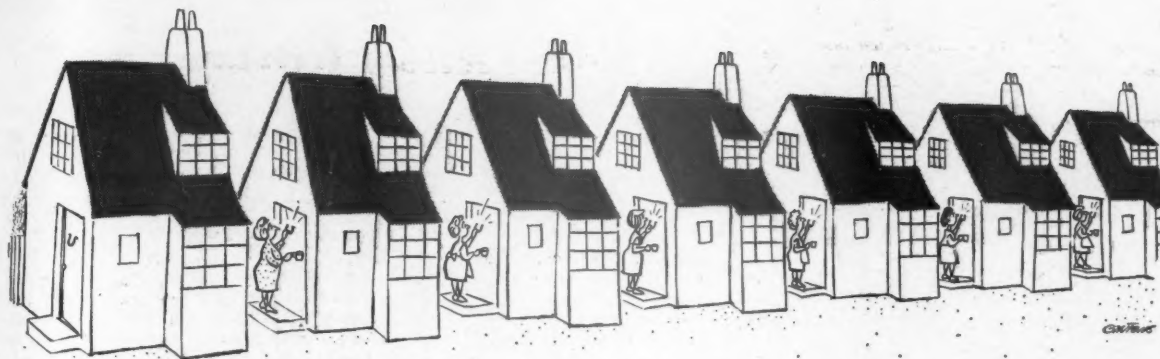
### ANOUILH: BLOGGS INNOCENT

The Editor, *The Daily Telegraph*

DEAR SIR,—Your travel correspondent's plaintive article about the difficulty of finding "an unspoiled spot" to spend a quiet night within easy motoring distance of Paris has no doubt brought her the usual offers of free board and lodging from *restaurateurs* near the city. I am in no position to do this. But if she wants a village of old-world charm, where nothing happens and nothing ever has happened, I strongly recommend her to try Colombey-les-deux-Eglises. It may not be full of costume-jewellery shops advertising "*Ici on parle Franco-British*," so she had better brush up her French, but it is a charming little place, and has two interesting churches.

Yours, etc.,

DE GAULLE,  
"Chez Nous," Cheltenham.



## And Above All Bowlers

By A. H. BARTON

CRANMER sat himself upon the stool beside Purbright and watched him take a lack-lustre sip from his Bloody Mary. "What wrong have you done yourself?" he asked.

Purbright did not raise his eyes from the scarlet surface of his drink. "I bought a bowler hat to-day," he said.

Cranmer laughed sharply. "In 1945," he said, "you told me that hats were finished. Trilbies, pork-pies, Anthony Edens and—above all—bowlers. How did these hats come to exist, you asked—how did they reach so arbitrarily their few basic shapes? What were they more—and here you coined a phrase—than status symbols? You cited the Edwardian gentleman's pretentious ritual of entering his railway carriage, removing his top hat, placing it in his hat-box, and replacing it by a travelling cap with flaps of fleece-lined baize. This is the twentieth century, you said, and walked about London uncovered, the water from your rain-soaked hair streaming down your temples."

Purbright crouched closer about his Bloody Mary, clasping it tightly in cupped hands.

"Five years passed," said Cranmer, "and 1950 arrived to find you affecting, and I mean affecting, an all-weather Klappakap with retractable peak, removable waterproof crown, and hinged pinhole covers for the ventilation holes. It was noisy to handle—"

"As one grows older one's head feels the cold more," Purbright said, tight-voiced. "Neuralgia arrives to explore the skull and it is only sensible to buy protection. My Klappakap was warm; it kept the rain from my hair and the sun from my eyes; and, above all, it owed nothing to a dull and stuffy tradition. It serves me still when in the cold dusk of a wintry Sussex I feed my white wyandottes."

"You've never owned a white wyandotte in your life," said Cranmer. "In 1955 your wife noticed with mild astonishment that you had attained a position in your narrow field too respectable for Klappakaps. She went to a bargain basement and bought an Anthony Eden. You wore it and I met you wearing it. You looked wrong in it. Hats were new to you; you had started too late."

"I was torn every which way," Purbright said harshly. His writhing fingers snapped his Bloody Mary's stem and he ordered another. "My head was too old to go about uncovered, and I myself had grown too staid for any covering that was not just a hat. I remember the delicate compassion with which my wife gave me that Anthony Eden; I remember the dogged resignation with which I accepted and wore it. I even hoped at first that I would learn to wear it with the confidence of other men. I was wrong, of course. Before long I knew that sometimes I looked like an ARA (children's portraits—

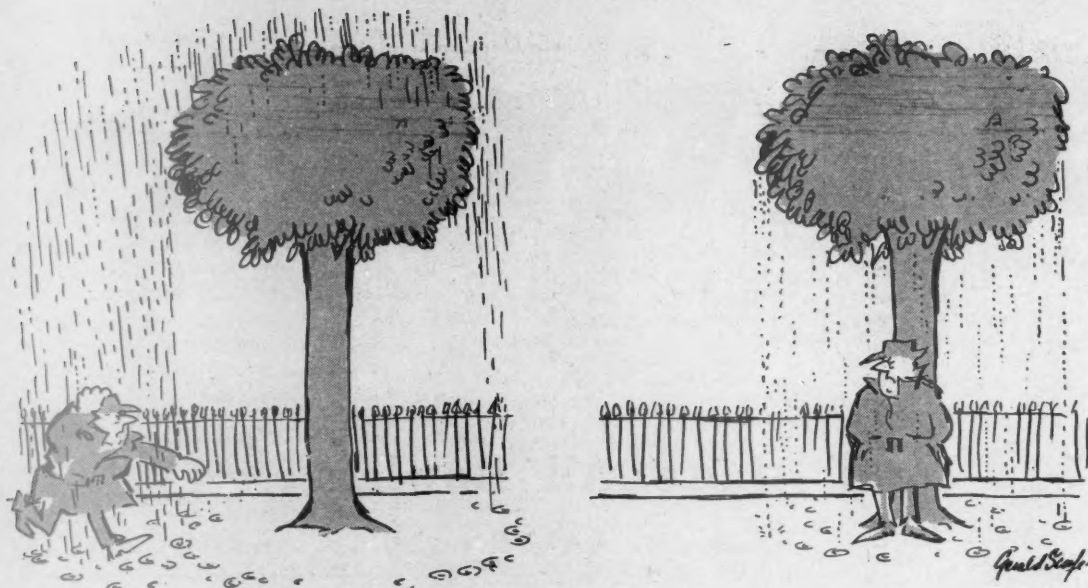
advertised in *The Times*); sometimes like the unreliable, gaming judge of a Western city in its last summer before becoming a ghost town; and always like myself in a hat that was not me." He looked up at Cranmer. "Pity me," he suggested.

"Consider yourself pitied."

"I went on wearing that hat; for years I wore it as I walked through the London parks, tip-toeing past the Oriental praying cross-legged and shoeless on his deck-chair, watching the heron fishing in the Serpentine and refusing to hold for a moment the greyhound that every now and again the small man by the Statue to Physical Energy asks passers-by to hold for a moment. I was miserable but I persisted. Time passed, as time however grey and slow must do, and the hat began to age. No longer did I resemble an aspiring ARA; now I was more of an unfrocked turf accountant's second clerk—"

"And to-day you've been and bought a bowler hat. Now you have finally sold the pass. Now, drab and genteel in your hard white collar, with your crest-dotted tie and your—"

"I had to get another hat," Purbright said, his voice a whisper. "A man's hat wears out, he gets another hat. It happens all the time." He paused, pulling himself together and finishing his drink. "The day came when I knew I had to get another hat," he said, his voice firmer. "Family pressure and



the depressing sight each morning of that old black hat—these things had been working on me. And then this morning I noticed that it had begun to smell: not bitterly of the dustbin, nor yet of nostalgic moth and boxroom, but something in between."

"You could have had it cleaned."

"The ancient fabric would have collapsed. Perhaps you do not know what they put an old hat through in those places." Purbright, now fully restored by two Bloody Marys, managed to look unmentionable things. "My hat smelt," he then said, "so I went to buy a new one. I looked without enthusiasm at soft hats, grey, brown and green. I tried on Homburgs and new Anthony Edens. They were all just as they had always been: pointless, unpleasing and set in an unseemly rut of unchanging design. At length the salesman grew impatient, watching me stand irresolute and sick before his looking-glass. He clapped a bowler on my head. 'How's that?' he asked. Startled, I looked at myself. I bought the hat."

Cranmer stared at him. "Why?" he asked. "Why?"

Purbright felt suddenly shy, but he returned the stare. "I thought I looked nice in it," he said.

## Spring Exodus

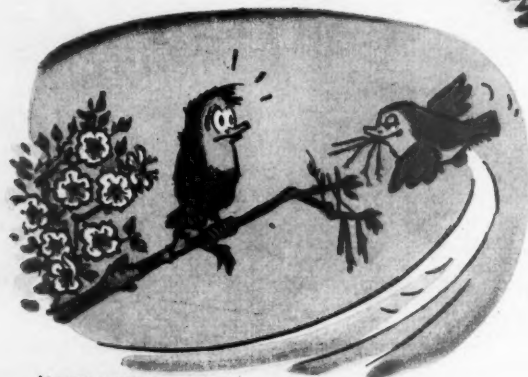
LORD and LADY BRIC-A-BRAC are sailing for South Africa  
No letters will be forwarded, they won't be back till May;  
The Countess of Carshalton has been wintering in Teneriffe,  
Her sister, Mrs. Mousey, goes to join her there to-day;  
The Robinsons and Smiths are in the Tyrol with their families,  
They're hoping that the snow will hold for teaching them to ski;  
And I came down on Saturday by Green Line from Victoria  
To stay with Aunt Elizabeth at Birchington-on-Sea.

Tom Baton and his orchestra are touring the Antipodes,  
Melissa's playing Chopin at a festival in Spain,  
Joe Longstop's playing cricket with the Test team somewhere overseas,  
Sir Henry's playing Shakespeare to the Mexicans again;  
And Colin's playing truant on a scooter in the Dolomites,  
He's far away from Oxford, which is where he ought to be;  
And I am playing patience in a shelter on the promenade  
With dear old Aunt Elizabeth at Birchington-on-Sea.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thunderbolt is flying to Jerusalem,  
His pretext is a mission to the Arabs (or the Jews);  
The Warden's wife has organized a students' trip to Italy  
While he is giving lectures on an Adriatic cruise;  
John Mandrill—the zoologist—is half-way up Mount Everest  
Exploring in the regions where the yeti's said to be;  
And I am busy planning in a frantic fit of jealousy  
To murder Aunt Elizabeth at Birchington-on-Sea.

— CICELY BOAS





HARGREAVES.

# How I Make Money by Honest Work

By C. J. BAYLISS

WITH all this talk going on about spivs and wide boys it might be nice if I told you how just one of thousands of working girls makes a nice respectable living.

I am a lady clerk, and I work for the Alka Bombazine Company. We've just moved into a nice new building, not too modern, just handy for Oxford Circus. I have one end of an office all to myself, and a desk with a special deep drawer for keeping my overshoes and my shopping in. My job is rather hard to explain, but they call it Tabbing. One of the boys . . . Dave, it may be, or Sean, or even Mr. Fitch sometimes . . . brings me a special tray full of address plates, and I take them out one by one and fit a coloured tab to them according to the letter at the top of the address. If it's a W, I put a mauve tab in the middle, for example, or if it's a B, I put a green tab at one end. There are a lot of different tabs, six or seven, and when they keep bringing trays and banging them on my desk I sometimes get a bit headachy and have to go home, but usually it's all right. It was worse when I started, because then I had to read the address to know what to do, and I don't know much about that sort of thing, but Mr. Crowther, he's the Time and Study man, arranged to have these letters put on as well so I didn't have to. Mr. Crowther is a very nice type of gentleman, and he brings his trainee gentlemen to me first. He says I'm easy to follow. I expect it's because I'm so methodical. It pays to be methodical, because if I put a green tab on when it says W, I don't know what wouldn't go wrong. Anyway, when I've put the tab on I put the plate in another tray, and someone else takes them away. Usually it's Mr. Fitch, but sometimes Dave or even Sean does it.

I get a number 17 bus to the station then the Underground then a 119 and a 27, which stops just outside the door, so it's quite convenient. There's a very nice canteen but it doesn't agree with me, so I usually go down to the shops and eat a little sandwich or an individual portion of creamed rice pudding at my desk later. (I forgot to say, when

there's a little star on top of the address I have to put two black tabs close together in the middle. That's a difficult one, because you don't get a letter like the others, you get a little star.) Being near the shops is nice at Christmas, and during the sales too of course, and sometimes on Thursdays I go to the shops after work but that means missing the Archers. One snag is, I have to leave every evening at twenty past five to be sure of not missing the Archers, but nobody comments, except for one I could mention.

All the girls in my office are really very nice, especially Mrs. Barratt, and we always have a nice chat over our morning and afternoon tea. We all buy a book each one day a week, and pass it round. My day is Tuesday, and I've been buying *Today*, just for a change, but I think I'll go back to *Woman's Realm*. There's more to get your teeth into in that, somehow. We take turns at buying a tin of biscuits, too, and Mrs.

Barratt runs a football sweep. We all invest sixpence a week, and the winner buys one of those orange coloured boxes of cakes from Lyons and shares them out, except one I could mention. But you've got to take the rough with the smooth, and it can't last for ever, can it?

Last year I got a 5s. rise, and there's always a bonus at Christmas; I spent mine on a box of petits fours to pass round. In fourteen years' time I'll get my long service award, which is a very tasteful little brooch in the shape of an ABC (for Alka Bombazine Company), made of real silver. I'd look forward to it more, only they have a presentation in the canteen, and everyone comes to watch!

I often think if more people would settle down to nice quiet jobs like mine, and stop going on strike and attacking helpless old ladies in Post Offices, the world would be a much nicer place to live in.



"After the last scrape I decided to renounce driving once and for all."



## Halcyon Is As Halcyon Does

by Claud Cockburn

*Were the "good old days" before  
1914 as good as they were painted?*

### 4—Yellow Peril, Yellow Press

"ALL is not well in China . . . and when the Chinese become violent other persons and other interests than Chinese are apt to suffer." How true. And not the less so because the leader-writer who thus brooded with foreboding on the state of affairs in Pekin was shaking his head not over Mao Tse-tung, but over the Chinese politicians of 1911. "The wise old men," he lamented, "have disappeared. A new race of leaders has taken their place. These men have learned their philosophy from Herbert Spencer, not from Confucius."

A man who has learned his philosophy from Herbert Spencer does not to-day arouse in us immediate sensations of grave uneasiness. He may not, we think, *ipso facto* be prone to violence. And there are many Westerners who would be happier than they are if the Chinese leaders had seen fit to stay curled up with Herbert Spencer all the time instead of putting Marx and Lenin down on their library lists. It is just one more of those points which make us incline rudely to inquire what the people of 1911 seriously had to worry about. Halcyon days indeed, we opine, when the most menacing figure on the philosophical front seemed to be Herbert Spencer. But they did worry. And they did have something to worry about, because the next piece of intelligence to come moaning over the telegraph wires was to the effect that Russia, Germany and Japan had reached a secret agreement to wait a bit until things were even less "well" in China, and then partition that vast land between them into spheres of influence and control.

A crude scare? The merest *canard*? Perhaps. But the

palpitating heart of the matter is that it was the sort of thing that might quite well have been true. That was the kind of world they lived in. Gaping at the global sights of the 1960s, people say, with a shade of proprietorial pride, "this is a time when anything can happen and most things do." True. Untrue, however, is the suggestion that nobody ever had it so jumpy as we do. And if you tried to keep absolutely calm and shrug off a rumour like that, the next thing that could happen would be that you opened the paper and found a Russian, German or Japanese expeditionary force marching along the bund at Shanghai. We, of course, are used to seeing people other than ourselves run Shanghai. The people of 1911 were not, and they thought it might be the beginning of the end.

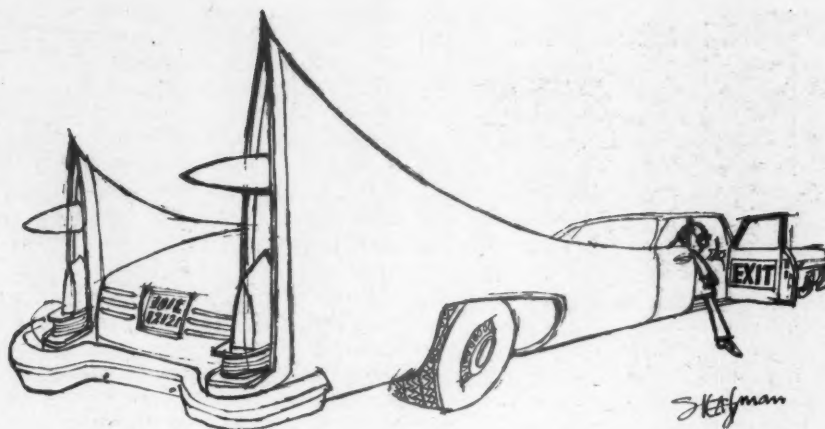
The end might easily begin, too, with a Japanese attack on Australia. The Japanese were, in fact, Britain's allies, but thoughtful commentators asked whether this bond would be enough to curb a Japanese desire to get cracking before the completion of the Panama Canal.

Nor could the future of Canada be viewed without the gravest apprehension. J. L. Garvin, ratiocinating gloomily in the *Fortnightly Review*, saw the American python at point to swallow the Great Dominion whole. The scare about Canada was so serious, and relief so great when the good Canadians rejected Laurier's proposals for tariff reciprocity with the United States, that the resulting emotion was in large degree responsible for hoisting Bonar Law into the leadership of the British Conservatives on the ground that he had been born in New Brunswick. So was Lord Beaverbrook, and he did well too.

A boy in a Victorian Bishop's home, listening to a discussion of the abstract possibility of Eternal Pain and Punishment, asked "How do I know this isn't Hell already, and me in it?" The pre-holocaust, eve-of-Armageddon citizens certainly did not see themselves as in anything resembling that blue heaven wherein the myth-makers have sought to site them. To an extent which it would be kind on the part of the 1960s to recognize, things were absolute hell. And when you finished the morning's worry about China and Australia and Canada you had to face the fact that the real centre of this hell of a situation was Germany.

True, only the extreme Right and the extreme Left thought war inevitable—and for the same reasons; except that the Left called it the ineluctable process of finance-imperialism, and the Right said if we didn't damn soon take a swipe at





those bastards they'd take a swipe at us. Among people in between there was some—not a very great deal of—faith in deterrents. Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz, German Minister of Marine—whose forked whiskers so long sustained the morale of British cartoonists—actually described his naval building plan as a simple deterrent. It was designed, he urged, simply to keep the French and others quiet by showing them that if they went to war, the British Navy might have to think twice before joining in to assist them. A popular British notion of a good deterrent—proof, it was deemed, against all except, of course, fools—was “the overwhelming destructive power of modern high-explosive gunfire.” Since obviously, in case of war, everything would be blown to pieces in six weeks or less, no one would be idiotic enough to go over the all too familiar brink. Jean de Bloch, a Warsaw banker turned student of strategy, whose six-volume book on *War* was a best-seller in France and much pondered in England too, got nearer the mark by pooh-poohing the quick smash-up theory and predicting just the sort of trench warfare which actually took place a few years later, but was then envisaged by few. Jean de Bloch thought that in such warfare the power of modern rifle-fire would produce a stalemate. Then he made his notable error. He believed

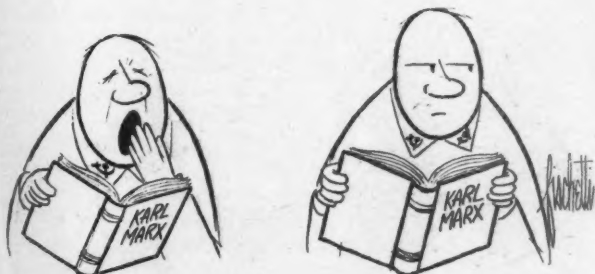
that since the strain of such a stalemate in terms of manpower and money would knock civilized life to pieces, no government would be so silly as actually to go to war. The obvious consequences would deter them. Sir Edward Grey who, as Foreign Secretary, received in May 1911 a “communication from the German Government so stiff that the Fleet might be attacked at any moment,” thought a deterrent to war might be found in a universal revolt of taxpayers. However, rebutting unilateralists who claimed that someone had to start somewhere, he insisted that no one nation could “stop the race for armaments by simply dropping out.” Millions of people thought the Labour Party and its continental equivalents would act as the effective deterrent. Membership of such Parties in all industrial countries had doubled or trebled in the decade before 1914, and they were all pledged to vote against the financing of a war. Right up to the last minute a lot of them believed that would actually happen.

As usual, there were many who held that everything would be all right if only the press would stop kicking up such an infernal din—putting ideas in people's heads and worrying the Government. Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, was the symbol of what such critics meant. As *Punch* wrote later, in a parody of Vachel Lindsay:

*Old man Alf was an ink-proprietor,  
His voice was loud and never grew quieter.  
He kept rude scribes in a monstrous den  
To hammer on a gong at Cabinet men.*

And, as has already been said, the din did help to keep the national nerves twanging. But the situation was such, and the real tensions so extreme, that in the countries where the press was censored and controlled nervous hysteria was if anything even more marked than in Britain. Yet—so powerful is the myth—you can still find elderly Europeans to assert that, say, Vienna in 1911 was a city both confident and serene.

Next week: They Had a Cold War Too





## New Surface on the Old Kent Road

By LESLIE MARSH

*A coster's life to-day is very different from the one that Albert Chevalier used to sing about*

WE call costers barrow-boys now. Put a barrow-boy back into the world of Albert Chevalier, the greatest of all coster comedians, who was born on March 21 a hundred years ago, and he wouldn't be wide enough to know where he was. When I last heard Chevalier he was past his prime and the London he sang about was also on the way out; now it is one with Nineveh and Tyre. He died soon after the first world war before even a leisurely seer, let alone a hard-working comic, could have foretold the social revolution.

Even the trade he personified has almost gone. True, there are discreet

suburban front gates which say "No hawkers, no circulars," but though circulars were never in wider circulation there aren't many costers. I'm not counting paraffin salesmen, who are cogs in big business, or the odd diminishing gipsy with clothes-pegs and bean-sticks, or the seasonal Breton onion men, still less Jehovah's Witnesses. The only surviving equivalent, excluding such markets as Petticoat Lane and Leather Lane, stands rather truculently on a pitch offering mainly flowers and fruit. He is an entirely different citizen.

Chevalier's coster was a mobile, wiry, energetic freelance, enterprisingly snatching a diversified living in a city

not yet regimented into chain stores, readily if raucously engaging the attention of strolling customers with more time to stand and stare, fewer cars to dodge, less to read, in no haste to get home to the telly, for whom the street was a moving picture entertainment. The range of his goods was extraordinary. You get a clue to it in one of Chevalier's six volumes of songs\*, in which the vendor frankly admits "One day I'm selling fish, the next/It's taters I'm a-bawlin',/I get that mixed as often I/Don't know what I'm a-callin'." The

\*Published by Reynolds and Co., (music publishers) Ltd., to whom I am grateful for permission to quote.



IONICUS

confusion becomes embarrassing, though tuneful (in waltz time: Chevalier composed a lot of his music and wrote nearly all his words; they weren't called lyrics then):

*Any ornaments for your firestoves, fine  
shrimps or watercress.  
Periwinkles, whelks or radishes, taters, all 'ot,  
Fine large 'addick, 'areskin, strawberry,  
pickled fresh this morning,  
All a-blowin' and a-growin'! 'Earthstone,  
fourpence a pot.*

Asparagus, flypapers, mackerel, kippers, lavender, almonds, bootlaces, trotters, shalots were among the other consumer goods listed.

This worker's playtime has altered as drastically as his business. Cinemas had only just got going—Chevalier never mentioned them, though a music-hall bill of 1898 proudly presented "Professor Jolly's Improved Cinematographe with all the latest Jubilee pictures, also a realistic scene taken at Clapham Junction: two express trains rushing through the station at full speed"—and radio was born as he was dying. The pub was the only reasonable recreation, but not only for the beer and gin. The harmonic club, vaunt-courier of the music-hall, was still flourishing. "At the Broker's Arms there's a parlour set aside, /Where we coves indulges in sweet 'armonee." The time factor was less oppressive. "There we sits and sings till the clock strikes twelve, /We could go on all the night without a doubt." There was dignity and status here; it was no mere carouse:

*Oh! I ain't by nature proud, but I feels a  
reg'lar treat,  
When I takes the chair at our 'Armonic  
Club.*

Social considerations might outweigh sheer talent. "Of all the singers there 'e is the wust! /But 'e thinks 'e's big and 'e likes to do a turn, /So I allus calls on Mister 'Arris fust." The entertainment was varied. "Some old bloke kindly offered to recite" . . . "There's a cove wot plays the banjo very nice" . . . and there were speeches, especially at an annual gala night when a member of the Local Board was the vice-president. Political controversy raged; the banjoist's topical verse hinting that "a certain grand old party should resign" (Gladstone, for a shiner) led to blows with a Liberal supporter "and the argument was settled on the floor." It was a long way yet to Sunday spins to Brighton or week-nights in dance halls and one-armed bandit dives.

There were also the waxworks. Not Tussaud's, because "One d.'s the price and too absurd, /For sich a gorgeous show." The song about it proves this claim to be true, for it included "Brigham Young with all his wives and numerous progeny," Bonaparte, Turpin, a model of the whale that swallowed Jonah, Daniel in the lions' den, General Booth, Uriah Heep, the Shah, and "A portrait model too of every well-known martyr, /There's Mr. Parnell and King John a-signin' the Magna Charter." If not the "lib'ral education" claimed in the lyric at least this assumed a general standard of awareness higher than you might expect at a penny gaff, if there were such a thing, to-day.

Outings of the period didn't go far

beyond the city walls in Chevalier's repertoire. This can be taken as a faithful guide, for Chevalier was a true original; he searched hard for his material and based it all on observation. He was not the real Cockney he portrayed—some earthier rivals with a narrower range resented this—but a straight actor who turned to variety at the age of thirty with some trepidation. Watching a show at the Pavilion a night or two before making his debut there he said to the manager "You've made a mistake over me. They'll never listen, I shall be a dreadful flop." He could not have been more wrong.

This unprofessional modesty went with a conscience. The coster's beanos he hymned were the authentic article.



"In his case we felt it would be more appropriate."



They were largely confined to 'Appy 'Ampstead, the races, and impromptu street revels. And there was a sort of poetry in these simple annals which it would be hard to recapture in Portobello Road, 1961, as in "The Coster's Serenade":

*You ain't forgotten yet that night in May,  
Down at the Welsh 'Arp which is 'Endon way,  
You fancied winkles and a pot o' tea,  
'Four 'alf', I murmured's, 'good enough for me;  
Give me a word of 'ope that I may win,  
You prods me gently with the wrinkle pin,  
We was as 'appy as could be that day,  
Down at the Welsh 'Arp which is 'Endon way.*

They had driven there in the donkey shay, the status symbol of that coster's day and age. It was also a donkey shay, bequeathed by a rich Uncle Tom of Camberwell, clearly a superior suburb of some substance, which was proudly paraded and led all the neighbours to cry "Who're yer goin' to meet, Bill? Have yer bought the street, Bill?" when the legates knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road, and it bred the kind of sharp comment that a latterday limousine might among mere drivers of Used Car Mart bargains. It entitled the parvenus to a few airs and graces. "Thought our lodger would 'ave 'ad a fit, / When my missus, who's a real wit, / Says 'I 'ates a bus because it's low!'" This was more than just keeping up with the Joneses.

The pastoral pleasures of Hampstead would scarcely satisfy a generation craving Dodgem cars and walls of death. "The bloke as owns the coco-nuts, / 'Twon't break yer to support, / Three shies a penny's [Note inflation] wot I calls, / A fine old English sport." This was the only amenity cited to back

the claim "Talk abaht a Paradise, Oh! 'Ampstead's very 'ard to beat, / If you want a beano it's a fair old treat." The elegant turn-out was not far in spirit from atomic-age finery:

*Wiv coves and doners by the score,  
All very neatly dressed.  
Sich they 'ats and feavers green,  
Red, yellor, pink and blue,  
An' coves in roun'-my-'ouses all,  
Cut very saucy too.*

But the pearly trousers were bell-bottoms, not drain-pipes.

Wide boys admittedly smeared this Arcadia, but the suckers they were not giving an even break were easier game than is now extant. "The Racecourse Sharper" (which was in "rather quicker than gavotte time") reads to-day like a backward child's primer in delinquency. "I addresses 'im perlately as yer wuship or yer Grace, / I'm a-goin' to fill this purse, I sez, afore yer 'ansome face." The purse, sold for a shilling, was ostensibly filled with coin, later proving to total twopence. The most guileless students of form I have met at Epsom or Ally Pally in the current half-century would suspect some irregularity here.

Al fresco dancing, close to the heart of simple citizens of every age, was the precursor of the palais. "Come along o' me on Saturday night . . . Down our little court we gives it a tone, / By 'oldin' a dancin' class all on our own." Gaiety relied on the handiest adjuncts. "You should see 'er do a step on the kerb, / Talk abaht style! Well, there, it's superb! / The orgin plays quicker, / I

brings 'er a liquor." Verve triumphed over pedantic technique. "The orgin plays 'Daisy', or the 'Marsillaisy', / The toon doesn't matter, / My Flo's allus game."

Sentiment tended to come in thick slabs in Chevalier's London, but the tears were for less erotic misfortunes. *Tendrezza* and *passionata* were scattered all over the score of "The Jeerusalem's Dead." (This synonym for a moke must have been rhyming slang for Jerusalem artichoke.) Johnny Ray, expertly acquainted with grief as he is, could scarcely summon sobs for the death of a donkey:

*I stroked 'is old 'ead as 'e laid in the stall,  
An' some'ow or other I felt I must kiss 'im,  
I've a wife an' some youngsters, 'e wasn't quite all,  
But I knows I shall miss 'im."*

These sentimentalities, though, were only a minor product of a many-sided man who started by working three halls an evening for £12 a week and rose to £400 a week (lovely money then) and could also run his own recitals, sometimes with more sophisticated material, at institutes and corn exchanges.

In another way Chevalier might be considered out of tune with the times. "My Old Dutch," which he scribbled down on the back of an envelope while travelling slowly in a cab from Oxford Street to Islington in a thick fog, was meant to be his wife, a music-hall singer, to whom he remained obstinately, happily and permanently married.

## On Listening to Brussels Radio

I AM inexpressibly beholden to the Walloons,  
Who keep me supplied with music in the afternoons.  
I should be utterly lost—I confess it without demur—  
If deprived of my *disques classiques demandés par les auditeurs*;  
My *cuore* would likewise be absolutely *franto*  
If I could listen no longer to those delightful *séances de bel canto*.

It is true that although these programmes are superb (indeed, sublime they are)  
I can never be sure exactly what time they are;  
Sometimes, expecting Beethoven, I discover a man beating a bongo, or a slice of  
Django,  
Or an exposition of the situation in the Congo, or an old-fashioned tango,  
But I listen to it all, knowing it cannot be far  
To the whole of *L'Or du Rhin*, or *encore une page de Mozart*.

"*Ne quittez pas l'écoute*," they say to me.  
*Jamais je ne te quitterai, cher émetteur de Wallonie.*

— R. P. LISTER

# Essence of Parliament

**T**OP People take *The Times*, and taking *The Times* is what makes one a Top Person. For MPs have discovered that the only paper that any longer gives a full report of Parliament is *The Times* and that the way to get your speech into *The Times* of to-day is to quote from *The Times* of yesterday. Then *The Times* quotes you back and there is no reason why this should ever end. But there are, though one would never guess it, quite a lot of Members of Parliament who talk about other things than yesterday's *Times*. The trouble about politics is that most people are much more interested in personalities than in policies, and what has killed the Socialist filibustering has been their own party rows. Housing was to have been one of the great issues on which a united party was to challenge the Government, but when it came to the Housing Estimates on Monday, Socialist Members were so busy arguing with one another whether to sign the letter of protest to their own leader against the Foot and Mouth expulsion, that very few of them remained to go into the Chamber to boo at Mr. Brooke. So the result was that the only good critical speech came from Conservative Colonel Cordeaux from Nottingham, who complained of the ways of an Indian slum landlord in that city who makes £679 a week out of his rack rents—a sum that makes Dr. Beeching appear like a sweated and underpaid official. The only comedy of the day was provided by *Hansard*, who nominated Mr. Bowden, the Socialist Chief Whip, in place of Mr. Baxter, as the teller in favour of Mr. Foot's rebellious division. Mr. Bowden amid laughter corrected the "mistake that has caused me a good deal of embarrassment," and Mr. Emrys Hughes, amid further laughter, "confirmed the view of the Hon. Member that he was not in the division lobby."

The debate about Dr. Beeching suffered from the same handicap as that on housing. The Socialists, like Sherlock Holmes's dog in the night, just did not bark. Mr. Manuel did his little best. "Don't interrupt me," said Mr. Marples. "Interrupt Nabarro when he is speaking." It was a good enough joke but it was a proof that jokes were thin on the ground that Mr. Marples had to make it twice over. The Socialist confusions were a pity, for they enabled Dr. Hill to wind up the debate in a speech of monumental cheapness and to get away with it. The issues about Dr. Beeching are clear though the answers to them are by no means so. "The railways are losing £300,000 a day," argued Mr. Marples. If we could get them solvent by paying one man £24,000 a year it would be "a jolly good piece of business for Britain." Granted, but nobody could get it very clear what Dr. Beeching was going to do, that another man could not, to get the railways solvent. It was fairly obvious that he was going to close down a good proportion of them, and careful economists began to wonder,

if we had to pay him £24,000 to close down 20 per cent of the railways, how much we would have to pay him to close down them all. It looked like a sum that might turn even Colonel Cordeaux's Indian landlord green with envy. The trouble with £24,000 is not £24,000, but how will it now be possible to resist demands for increases in the remuneration of the heads of other nationalized industries, of Dr. Beeching's second in command, of the ordinary railway workers and all the rest. The most cogent criticisms of the Government once more came from Conservative back benchers—from Mr. Wise who doubted whether Beeching's Pills could do the trick and from Mr. Montgomery who thought that they cost too much. Once more the Government's critics obediently supported it in the lobby.

There seems to be a new club at Westminster—the ex-Under Secretaries' Club. They have all of them been disturbed about the Government's subsidy to the Cunarder. Mr.

## Old Boys' Disunion

Deedes started being disturbed last week and this week Sir John Vaughan Morgan, Mr. Carr and Mr. John Rodgers chimed in. In any other week it might have made a bit of a stir but in this week where revolts were two a penny it made hardly a ripple. South Africa bulked larger. The Prime Minister said his piece and so did Mr. Gaitskell. The Prime Minister's plea that South Africa had fought with us in two wars sounded a bit rum as applied to Dr. Verwoerd, who had on the contrary very strongly supported Hitler in the last war, but the general theme song was "we don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go." Front Bench speakers in the Commons, giving the impression that their words were a little bit more confident than their feelings, professed to believe that the Commonwealth would be strengthened by what had happened. This was not good enough for the Tory rebels. Mr. Turton prophesied woe and put the blame fairly and squarely on the Government. Commander Maydon as near as a toucher defended apartheid, and when Mr. Sandys started on Dr. Verwoerd it was more than Lord Hinchinbrooke could take. Like George Belcher's charlady "Pig, said he, and swup out." It has been stalking-out week with a vengeance. Mr. Alan Brown stalking out from Tottenham, Mr. Zilliacus, more stalked against than stalking, whips withdrawn, letters signed, sacks and rumours of sacks, but there is no doubt that Lord Hinchinbrooke stalks to the manner born as none of the others can. If there is stalking to be done it takes an hereditary aristocrat to do it—a



MR. MARPLES

withering glance at the Labour benches, a frigid bow to the Speaker as if he were an under-footman and Lord Hinchinbrooke was gone.

While others were stalking out poor Mr. Benn was trying to stalk in without anybody noticing, but so far without much success or hope of success. Meanwhile the Lords themselves—what I suppose one may in these confused days call the Lords Definite—were also debating Dr. Verwoerd and the Commonwealth and with Lord Salisbury to cry them on with less pretence of optimism about the future than the Commons.

— PERCY SOMERSET

☆

"Mr. Butler left Treasury officials in no doubt of his displeasure. This was the second time in a fortnight that a drafting error has put the Government in difficulties. On the last occasion it was a misprint of 'sums' for 'sum' in the Consolidated Fun Bill."

—Daily Telegraph

We can all make these laughable slips.



## In the City

### Oil Profits

OVER the greater part of the past four years oil shares have been a dismally disappointing investment. It was in mid-1957 that Shell Transport—to take the most popular and widely held of oil shares—reached their peak price of nearly £11. They have since been as low as £5 17s. 6d. More recently, however, there has been a strong recovery to about £8. The tide seems to have turned.

The heights to which oil shares rose in 1957 were those of the short-lived gusher. They subsided because there were literally too many gushers. Until 1957 there had been a comparative scarcity of oil and the major companies were able to control the structure of oil prices and to base it on the price for Texas oil which is by no means the most cheaply produced. Then came the flood. The world output of oil rose from 590 million tons in 1951 to 978 million tons in 1959 and has risen further to over 1,050 million tons in 1960.

The additional oil has come gushing from all parts of the world. Only in the United States has production kept relatively stable—and that because of a conscious and officially encouraged policy of restriction and preservation of oil reserves. There has been no such concern for the future in the Middle East where the output over the past decade has risen from 93 million to 254 million, or in Soviet Russia where the expansion has been even greater, namely from 22 million tons to 147 million tons. The increase in Russian output has been one of the marginal factors that has caused the breakdown in the control of prices. Russian oil is seeping into all kinds of world markets from Italy to India.

What dominates the oil investment situation is the vastly increasing world appetite for oil. For the free world consumption of petroleum products has recently been rising at a rate of six per

cent per annum. In Western Europe the rate of increase is twelve per cent per annum, and in Britain it is even higher than this. All kinds of new methods of using it are being devised. There is, for example, a new process of making pig iron in which the blast furnaces are being fed with a diet of hydro-carbon oils. It follows that though profit margins may be somewhat narrower in the years to come, they are likely to apply to a steadily and rapidly increasing turnover of business.

The likely result is admirably brought out in the profit figures of the Shell Transport and Trading Co. for last year. They are truly astronomic figures. The sales and operating income of the Royal Dutch-Shell group of companies reached £2,674 million in 1960. This was refined to a net income of £177.5 million. These are the figures for the whole group. The net income of Shell

in 1960 amounted to £25 million, an increase of £2 million on 1959. The dividend has been stepped up from 4s. 9d. to 5s. per share (in each case free of tax). In addition—and this is the proposal which has seized the market's fancy—the board has recommended a capitalization of share premiums by the distribution of one ordinary share for every £5 of stock or shares held. The directors point out in their preliminary statement that a substantial rise in the volume of trade was offset by generally lower prices, the result of intensified competition.

No good company need fear competition. Assuming that the 1960 dividend will be maintained on the increased capital, Shell yield about six per cent gross—a figure which will prove very attractive to trustees about to enjoy their newly gained wider investment powers.

— LOMBARD LANE

## In the Country



### Cuckoos

ANY day now the newspapers will announce the arrival of the cuckoo. But how many of their alert correspondents know that it is the male of the species they hear? The female's call, which is a soft bubbling sound, is much less common.

Even though cuckoos don't build nests, the female has an extraordinarily busy time in the nesting season. In the first place she has to establish herself in her own territory, and then keep a far more watchful eye than many foremen on an assorted variety of building projects within the area. The plan of campaign is to lay an egg in each of these nests shortly after the future parents themselves have begun to lay.

It's not uncommon to see a female cuckoo flying about with an egg in her mouth. And it is easy to be taken in by the general deception of cuckoos. This is not her own egg—but one she removed from the nest when she laid her own. It will be destroyed.

Bank raiders are disturbed because they take so long at a job on somebody else's premises, but the cuckoo has this temporary habitation of another's property down to a fine art. Just about five seconds at the nest is all she needs to deposit her egg, and if the nest is domed with only a small entrance she can carry out the operation by hovering over the whole nest.

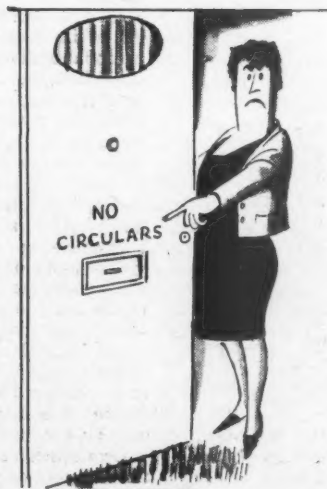
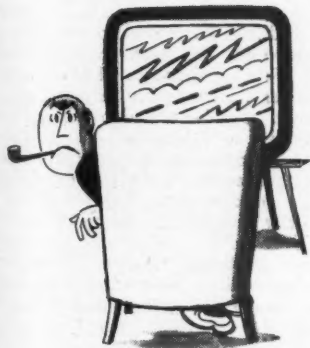
A cuckoo usually picks out about fifteen or more potential foster-parents. The reason is that quite often they spot the substitution of eggs, and desert. Some species of birds are quicker on the uptake than others, and it is a myth that the cuckoo varies her eggs according to the nest in which she is going to lay. The truth of the matter is that each individual cuckoo lays eggs which resemble a particular species of bird. And so, if she has any sense, she lays only in the nests of that species.

Timing is the secret of success for the cuckoo. Provided she lays her egg before the clutch is complete she stands a good chance of her egg hatching out first. The result is that before the chick has been hatched twelve hours it is likely to have heaved any other eggs or nestlings over the side of the nest.

The foster-parents don't mind at all. In fact they have such a struggle to keep the cuckoo in food (sometimes having to seek assistance from neighbouring birds as well) that they would not stand a chance of being able to support their own chicks as well.

— JOHN GASELEE

## Confronted by a Martian





### AT THE PLAY

*You In Your Small Corner* (ARTS)  
*Jacques* (ROYAL COURT)

THE cast of *You In Your Small Corner* is evenly divided between white and coloured, and on the first night the audience was pretty evenly divided too. The laughter from the darker elements was revealing ("The English aren't black or white, just grey" went well, for instance), and there were uneasy moments when we first met the white Brixton family, the mother a weak old drab, the son a shirt-sleeved windbag who spits in the fire ("He never misses, you 'ave to give him that," dotes Mum), and the daughter a tiny-minded factory hand. Was Mr. Barry Reckord, the coloured

author, going to show up us palefaces for what we are?

But this is by no means his theme. True, his West Indian immigrant, bound for Cambridge, seems, with his gentleness and soft, euphonious speech, an altogether superior animal, but he has his own frailties too, of character and morals, and we are led into a curious paradox in which the white family is out to catch the desirable black husband, while the boy's black mother indignantly preaches that they are not good enough for him. The patterns of snobbery keep forming in unexpected quarters, and it is interesting to study one's changing feelings, from a sense of involuntary shock at the first black and white embrace, to a rational acceptance that the pair are simply any boy and girl in

### REP SELECTION

Bromley Rep, *The Boy David*, to April 1.  
 Theatre Royal, Windsor, *The Aspern Papers*, to April 1.  
 Playhouse, Liverpool, *Roots*, to April 15.  
 Dundee Rep, *The Cat and the Canary*, to April 8.

love, with the question of colour now irrelevant. This is what the author has to say, and it is worth saying in this way—not through the oratorical generalizations of dark demagogues, but through a particular handful of human beings.

It could have been said better. The play sprawls a little, and some of the language is unnecessarily foul, including a word that, as far as I know, even the political weeklies haven't printed yet. John Bird's direction has some awkward mechanics, and the performances on the whole are not strong. Mr. Allan Mitchell, as the know-all brother, and Margery Withers as his mother, do better than the rest.

You will have read elsewhere the story of *Jacques*, the vegetable-fussy boy who hatches the eggs born to him by his three-nosed bride, told in the conventional Ionesco word-murder style. As to its meaning, I can only offer a personal opinion. To take the potato-in-its-jacket, the chief bone of convention in Act One, packed one, stacked one. One, two, three, it seems to me a symbol of hunt the symbol in the sense that. Whereas the eggs represent the individual's sense of responsibility to society, propriety, notoriety, *Variety*, don't both to reply. If you can accept a guinea-pig with baby guinea-pigs growing out of its head. In a bath. If the fire-engine heard offstage is an echo of the heroine's stuffed feet, it's easy to accept the disappearance of the happy couple's in-laws through trap-doors, which is a Cockney rhyme if ever I heard one, preferred one, blurred one. Its impact is subscrubial, and gives delinquency a certain pinquancy.

On the other hand, this could be a plea for silencers on jet aircraft, or an attack



*Jacques*—DENIS HAWTHORNE

*Jacques's Father*—JOHN MOFFAT

*Jacques*

on chemical fertilizers. What it clearly isn't, is part of the ill-fated champagne for a National Theatre. However many noses you have.

### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*Three* (Criterion—25/1/61), Emlyn Williams enjoying himself in a sort of new wave symposium. *Fings Ain't Wot They Used t'be* (Garrick—17/2/60), Frank Norman's musical romp of low-life in London. *A Man for All Seasons* (Globe—13/7/60), Scofield splendid as Robert Bolt's Sir Thomas More. Last week, and worth hurrying for.

— J. B. BOOTHROYD

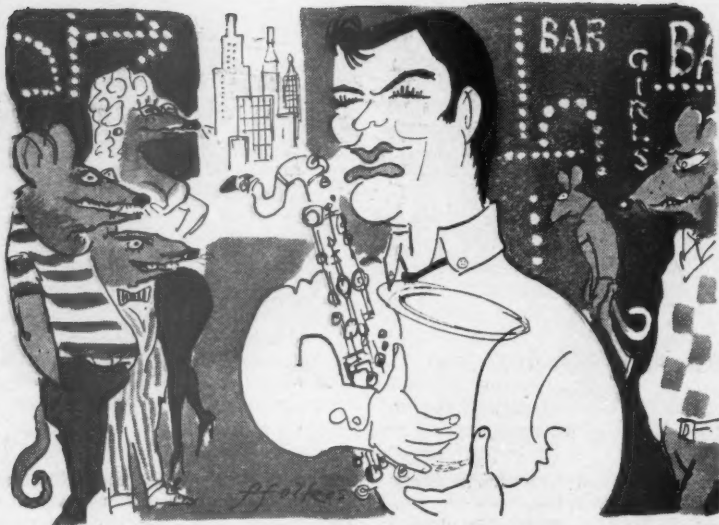
## AT THE PICTURES

### *The Rat Race*

### *The Sins of Rachel Cade*

BOTH of the more important films this time are dishonest, but of the two I much prefer *The Rat Race* (Director: Robert Mulligan), because it doesn't pretend to be noble and uplifting as well. In a very early scene I was sure I recognized what I now gloomily call the "warm" mood of the popular romantic comedy. When the young man (Tony Curtis) from Milwaukee arrived, eager and hopeful, in New York, there in the scene of his being affably told the way by the man at the bus station I was sure I could detect that beaming, kindly, sentimental quality that so often streaks such things with marzipan . . . But I was only partly right. That quality is there, and the story could not exist without it; but the obstacles it has to overcome to provide a happy ending are made difficult enough and presented with enough astringency and skill to make the film far better than anyone considering its aim—for it is a popular romantic comedy—might have expected.

In short, it makes no bones about assuring you that life in New York, particularly in the world of show business, really is a rat race; and the young saxophone-player (Mr. Curtis) and the girl (Debbie Reynolds) who is now a second-rate dance hostess get bitter proof of it every time their hopes begin to rise. She was Miss Cha-Cha-Cha of 1957, and has a gold-plated cup to prove it, but now her life is miserable, she has no money, and he arrives full of confidence and hope just as she is being evicted from her room. This being a romantic comedy, he arranges that they shall share the room, relying whimsically on a dividing curtain . . . Yes, one recognizes them as the sentimental-tough figures of popular fiction, and their situation as the contrivance of a hokum expert. The moral is that, given a little luck, one can always beat the rat race—and basically nice people like the principal characters of this sort of film are bound to have quite a bit of luck, and at the right dramatic moments too. That is what makes the whole thing dishonest; but the excellent, amusing, perceptive



Pete Hammond, Jr.—TONY CURTIS

[*The Rat Race*]

detail and the skill and ingenuity of the script (Garson Kanin, from his own play) carry it.

Consider one tiny but typical example. The crook musicians—and they are perfectly good players, we've heard them, they aren't merely crooks—who fake an audition so as to steal the young man's expensive saxophones leave him a note, mainly to warn him not to do anything about it. But the dictating and writing of the note is made a little comic episode on its own, with a momentary quite credible argument between two of the crooks about grammar: the scene earns its place, as a point of narrative construction as well as entertainment, without any feeling of artifice. Taking trouble to make every detail of a script count in this way is of immense value. And, regrettably, no one can deny that on the whole Americans are more professional and conscientious about it than we are.

From one point of view, *The Sins of Rachel Cade* (Director: Gordon Douglas) suggests a calculated attempt to catch the audience of *The Nun's Story* on a cruder and thus more profitable level; from another, it looks yet more dubious. One's suspicions are aroused even by the credits: the information that the novel (by Charles Mercer) on which the film is based was called simply *Rachel Cade*, in conjunction with the ominous intrusion of organ music and even church bells on the sound-track, indicates that the old box-office mixture of religion and sex is about to be served up again . . .

The best of this is visual: magnificent colour photography (J. Peverell Marley) of African scenes, wide-ranging and limited, indoors and out. Otherwise, the determination to give us a stronger dose of what was the most dramatically

effective part of *The Nun's Story* is absurdly obvious, even to the appearance of Peter Finch as the same sort of character as before, a dashing battered and brusquely atheistic target for the reforming zeal of the gentle, beautiful girl (Angie Dickinson) doing God's work in the jungle—though this time she is not a nun but a missionary nurse, which leaves the way open for sin, repentance and (the fadeout implies) a happy ending. Audience Research strikes again!

### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London: the excellent new Disney full-length cartoon, *101 Dalmatians*, and the new Peter Sellers', *Mr. Topaze*—review next week. *La Dolce Vita* (21/12/60) and Bergman's *So Close to Life* (8/3/61) continue. The other three worth mentioning are very much more trivial, and the only one I enjoyed unreservedly is *The Facts of Life* (8/3/61). *Never on Sunday* (30/11/60) meanders, but has some good fun; *The Grass is Greener* (22/3/61) is a quite entertaining, still very theatrical version of the play.

Among the releases is *The Rebel* (15/3/61—95 mins.), with Tony Hancock as Tony Hancock, showing with a 50-minute Technicolor record of *The Royal Tour of India*—interesting pictures, pompous, flat rhetorical commentary.

— RICHARD MALLETT

## AT THE OPERA

### *The Cunning Little Vixen* (SADLER'S WELLS)

MY four-year-old son said, "You know, Daddy, dogs don't think."

Unaided, he had hit on the *philosophia perennis*. Dogs don't think. Therefore, dogs scarcely are. The same



applies to other mammals and to insects and reptiles as well.

This, to be sure, is an obscurantist attitude; almost an undemocratic one. As everybody knows, Pooch is as good as his master any day. Roughly, this latter contention is what Janacek's final opera (finished in 1924, when he was seventy) sets out to prove. At Sadler's Wells the same two actors sing and mime (a) the Badger and the Parson, and (b) the Farmyard Dog and the Schoolmaster. They do this for a very good reason. The Badger is the Parson. The Dog is the Schoolmaster. In terms of personality and intellection it is impossible to distinguish between either two of them. In the case of each pair, one is to be pitied and petted as much as the other.

The Vixen of the story is in like case. When she snoozes in thickets a spectral sylph in a ball dress rises from her body and trips off in the moonshine. This, obviously, is the Vixen's *alter ego*. Not all the Vixen's traits are sylphlike, however. She holds forth on human iniquity like an Extension Lecturer in full cry about Peterloo or Tolpuddle. Mounting a farmyard stump, she harangues the exploited hens, telling them that the cock is a thumping humbug. A few minutes later, true, she bares her fangs and tears the hens' throats out. But then, there's a dark side to each and every one of us, isn't there?

June Bronhill acts the Vixen with sharp, feral grace and sings an unrewarding vocal line strongly and exactly. Near the end, after romping domestically with her fox-spouse and their cubs, she is shot and killed by a particularly nasty poacher. The episode is ludicrously handled at the Wells. Miss Bronhill could have dodged and got clean away

ten times over. When the lights faded and the curtain came down on the inert, shot-riddled form, we all, I suppose, felt the stab of pathos.

Yet the fact remains that this whisk-up of Toad Hall, wind in willows, Winnie the Pooh, insect-play and lady-into-fox will not serve. Janacek and his librettist (the latter lucidly translated by a master in such fields, Mr. Norman Tucker) do not offer woodland fantasy for its own charm and fun. They really believe (or seem to) in a levelling pantheism that shall equate all life's forms and make not only Pooch as good as his master but the cockchafer as good as the saint—as good, even, as god (with a small “g”). Now I (and many other operagoers, I am sure) believe nothing of the kind. I am all for Hierarchy of Being. Accordingly, I consider *The Cunning Little Vixen* pretentious and silly. Nor is it up to much musically. Janacek's curt, epigrammatic way of writing is exemplified much more beautifully and validly in another opera of his produced (not often enough) at the Wells, *Katya Kabanova*.

— CHARLES REID

## ON THE AIR

### New Dismal Science

FIRST there was a poster-size photograph of Lord Salisbury, as unflattering as a Vicky cartoon, a picture specially selected, I imagine, to hint at decadence and senility. The eyes bleary, the mouth open and sloppy. Then more pictures to show the ramifications of the Salisbury family, its numerous links with the personalities of the current political set-up. A few words about the influence of the Cecils, and then over to Lord Lambton and Christopher Chataway for a good old gossip about Lord Salisbury's attack on Mr. Macleod. This was part of the BBC item *Gallery*, “a weekly programme about people and politics.”

Where had I seen it all before? In the popular dailies, in the brittle columns

which pass for political comment in our newspapers to-day. This was “Cross-bencher” or something from the same sink transposed for TV and two voices. There was nothing new, no serious attempt to present the true nature of the Central African problem or the terms of the dispute between *eminence grise* and Colonial Secretary: the viewer was fobbed off with uninformed chatter, calculated rudeness from Lord Lambton, a puzzled charm from Chataway, and a deceptive air of urgency and command from Robert McKenzie. It became obvious after a few minutes of this puerile fooling that the speakers had been chosen for their value as pin-ups rather than for their knowledge of the situation. As a “magazine” feature I suppose it just about paid its way, but as political discussion presented at an hour (10.15 p.m.) when the children are tucked-up in bed it was farcical.

*Gallery* is not always as bad as this, thank heavens, and I, for one, welcome this new programme with all its imperfections as an attempt to inject more worth-while comment into the week's parade of banality, but surely TV ought to aim a little higher than the muck-rakers and platitudinizers of the three-penny opera of Fleet Street. At the moment the fare provided by *Radio Newsreel* (Light) and *Ten O'Clock* (Home) is infinitely more useful, balanced and informed than anything to be won from sessions with the window box. No, not “anything.” There remains *Panorama* which is occasionally brilliant and usually reliable.

A number of readers have commented on my lukewarm reception for the Saturday night serial documentary *The Valiant Years* (“a film series based on Sir Winston Churchill's Memoirs of World War II”). The general view seems to be that the series is justified because we all—and particularly the young—need to be constantly reminded of the horror of war and the folly of allowing maniacs to grab control of the machinery of government. Well, with all this I agree, and I should feel happier about these films if I thought that they were evoking a response of this kind in the breasts of a majority of viewers. I have the uneasy feeling, however, that *The Valiant Years* is for most people merely an excuse for a nostalgic, jingoistic wallow. Sliced as it is into these brief episodes and backed by the thrilling martial music of Richard Rodgers the story is unpacked with the synthetic *réclame* of the high-pressure salesman. I do not think it possible to whip up excitement in so short a period (twenty minutes flat out) and at the same time to remain objective and thoughtfully moral about these awful years. The war was not a western. By all means let us have Churchill's memoirs on the screen, but let them have room to develop the great man's rugged philosophy in true perspective. — BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

### PUNCH EXHIBITION

“Punch in the Theatre.” Maxwell Art Gallery, Peterborough.

# BOOKING OFFICE

## UNDER AND OVER THE POLE

By JOHN DURRANT

**Surface at the Pole.** Commander James Calvert, USN. Hutchinson, 16/-

**My Polar Flights.** General Umberto Nobile. Muller, 25/-

ON March 17th, 1959 the submarine *Skate* of the US Navy broke through the ice at the North Pole, becoming the first ship to sit at the very top of the world. Fifty years earlier Robert Peary had written after reaching the Pole: "The grim guardians of earth's remotest spot will accept no man as guest until he has been tried and tested by the severest ordeal." Calvert and his crew thought that perhaps their conquest had been too easy: there they were, stuck in the grinding surface of the ice-pack, in near darkness and with a heavy Arctic wind relentlessly driving particles of stinging snow into their faces, but under their feet was a modern vessel ready to accept them into its comforting cocoon, and to sink back into its normal, peaceful element.

But their position was not the simple terminus of an easy journey that it might seem. Only a submarine whose motive power makes no demands on the air within it can remain submerged for any length of time, so added to Calvert's responsibilities was the knowledge that in its sealed compartment below him was a new source of power, the nuclear reactor. If any emergency should arise the first priority instruction "stand by to surface" might be impossible to carry out under the ice. *Nautilus* and *Skate*, the only nuclear submarines afloat at the time, had already made preliminary trips in the Arctic, *Nautilus* travelling completely submerged from Pacific to Atlantic, and *Skate* experimenting with surfacing in the tiny open-water leads that form in the ice in summer. These, and *Skate's* much more dangerous present task of breaking through thinner areas of ice (known as skylights because of their appearance on television camera from below) were brilliantly successful.

Calvert had to build a delicate structure of command around the

enterprise; he might be the main-spring but much responsibility must lie in other hands—at the ice-fathometer and inertial-navigator for instance, without which certain navigation near the Pole would be impossible when submerged. Calvert's power of control emerges from a splendid book of adventure, written by a man who can make even a routine inspection of his ship vividly alive, in simple, sharp-edged words. His modesty in telling of Nansen, Amundsen, Wilkins and others whose pioneering paved his way is matched by his admission that although reason created *Skate*, faith in a Presence beyond reason alone could stiffen man's spirit to face such arduous tasks in the uttermost parts of the earth.

Nobile's book on his flights over the Pole in 1926 and 1928 is a very different cup of tea. The Italian aviator made two Arctic trips in lighter-than-air machines, first in *Norge* when he was captain of an expedition planned by Amundsen, Ellsworth and himself; in something under three days they flew from Spitzbergen to Alaska, covering 3,100 miles. Nobile claims that they crossed the Pole en

route, but denies this privilege to Byrd, who made the same claim for a seaplane flight shortly before. *Norge's* navigation was a pretty haphazard sort of affair: Nobile says "The magnetic compass worked well all the time," and again "We could continue to fly by the magnetic compass alone." Anywhere within the area of the Arctic the indications of a magnetic compass are valueless, and to quote again later in the trip "Who can tell what route we followed, or how we wound in and out?" "I can still live through the emotions of this wild flight... without knowing where we were or where we were going"! During the second flight, in *Italia*, the airship crashed on the ice and nearly half the book is devoted to the feelings and experiences of a few of the survivors.

Nobile fails to convince the reader of the importance of his part in all this—mainly through his constant insistence on it. He gives little or no credit to other pioneers in the field, and dismisses Amundsen's gallant attempt to rescue *Italia's* party in a dozen words (in this abortive effort the great Norwegian explorer lost his life). Though a man of courage, Nobile seems to have had little talent for command, as is nowhere clearer than when he was rescued from the ice, leaving the rest of his party behind. He spends much time explaining that he was to take charge of further rescue attempts, but it seems that in these he was little more than a nuisance.

## BEHIND THE SCENES



20—GEOFFREY COX

The New Zealander at the head of ITN

## NEW NOVELS

**The Journey Homeward.** Gerald Hanley. Collins, 18/-

**The Nephew.** James Purdy. Seeker and Warburg, 15/-

**Jimmy Riddle.** Ian Brook. Cassell, 16/-

**The Harmless Albatross.** Ian Niall. Heinemann, 16/-

IF there was any doubt that Gerald Hanley was in the very top flight of living English novelists, *The Journey Homeward* must dispel it. The theme is revolution in a small, backward Indian state, where a young Westernized Maharajah anxious to free his people is in trouble with the local forces of unrest, led by a determined agitator who has learned his business in America. Mr. Hanley must know India very well to get so completely inside the Indian mind at each stage of its emancipation; he gives a fascinating picture of a microcosm in which all the pains and frustrations of an ancient country trying desperately to modernize itself in a hurry can be seen at work, and his ear for the nuances of dialogue is uncannily accurate.

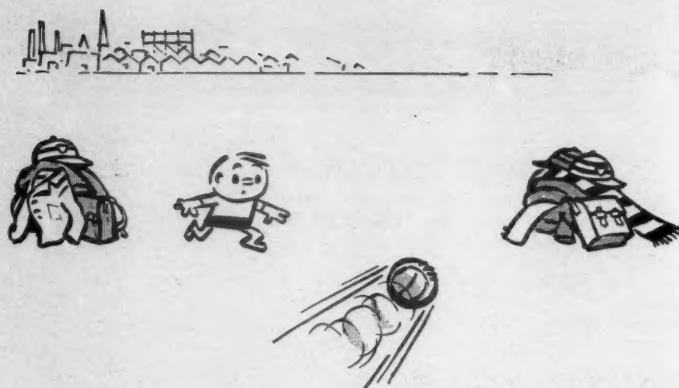
The Maharajah, an avid reader of *Time*, his bored, drunken wife whose heart is in Mayfair, and his gentle, cynical brother, shattered in a Jap prison and drinking himself harmlessly to death; the local leaders, Hassan the incorruptible firebrand and Hari Lal, the aristocrat who seeks a solution in the spirit, and Miss Bullen, the English missionary who has made three converts in forty years and is amazed to find herself a legend, all these are drawn with the liveliest perception. Mr. Hanley can describe violent action with a quietness and economy that greatly intensify its effect. His fine novel will add to our understanding of the problems of India, and of how deeply her politics are affected by her age-old criss-cross of religion.

James Purdy, who made such a hit with his off-beat fantasy, *Malcolm*, has changed his attack in *The Nephew*. This is a short novel full of compassion but without any trace of sentimentality. It is a study of an elderly brother and sister, living in a small town in America, and the effects on them and their neighbours of the death in Korea of a favourite nephew. Through his memory they discover a lot about themselves and their community. Most of Mr. Purdy's characters have been knocked about by life, and are putting on a brave face; he has great sympathy with the old, whose weaknesses and failures he points with gentle irony. *The Nephew* is not so uproariously funny as *Malcolm*, but its deceptive simplicity masks a rare degree of wisdom.

Quite an amusing and well-informed satire on African democracy, *Jimmy Riddle* by Ian Brook pokes fun unmercifully at the Colonial Office and at the experts, stuffed with academic theory, it sends out to harass the hard-worked man on the spot. Miss Pratt, one of the windiest of these, suffers painful conversion during her stay in Alabasa, where an ambitious Left-wing Governor is failing to control a cabinet of native politicians, all busily feathering



"Smithy . . . you old devil."



their nests. The hero of the title, a respected DC, heads a rebellion which succeeds beyond his wildest dreams. Coming to this book after *The Journey Homeward*, it seems in the end a lightweight treatment of an important subject; it stretches farce too far, but is very easy to read.

Being something of a fan of Ian Niall, I was disappointed in *The Harmless Albatross*, a modern version of the Enoch Arden story. It describes the trepidation of a Welsh village on learning that its most turbulent son is about to come back after eight years away, when he will find his wife a mother by another man, and what happens when he returns. The observation is sound enough, but somehow Mr. Niall fails to tighten the screws of excitement.

—ERIC KEOWN

**The Child Buyer.** John Hersey. *Hamish Hamilton*, 15/-

Wissey Jones comes to Pequot to buy, on behalf of United Lymphomiloid, ten-year-old Barry Rudd, a prodigy with an IQ of 189. "U. Lympho" intend to convert Barry, by various psychological and surgical techniques (described in a passage of Nabokovesque horror) into a kind of human computer. There is opposition to the purchase in various quarters, which the buyer overcomes piecemeal until finally Barry himself consents. All this is presented in the form of a verbatim report of a senatorial investigation.

This is a brilliant satirical novel. It has drama, humour, suspense; above all, it radiates a deep faith in the sanctity of the human individual and hatred of the regimentation of personality by authority. It is, incidentally, the purest science-fiction, but written with a skill that no SF practitioner has yet even distantly approached.

—B. A. YOUNG

**THE HOURGLASS OF FASHION**

**The Waste Makers.** Vance Packard. *Longmans*, 21/-

"Fashion," Oscar Wilde wrote, "is a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to alter it every six months." And this really sums up Mr. Packard's shocking analysis of America's economic waste-line. He does not say so in so

many words, but this revelation of industrial and commercial immorality will surely suggest that capitalism is at the end of its tether. Apparently American business can be kept going only by injecting planned or "dynamic" obsolescence into the manufacturing industries, by phony sales tactics and a morale-destroying pyramiding of consumer credit. The average American family spends more than three pounds a week on packaging that is ultimately consigned to the trash-bin; every raw material is being expended with idiotic prodigality; in the past forty years the Americans have consumed more of the world's resources than were used by all the peoples of the Earth in the 4,000 years before World War I. Something of America's death-wishing economic madness is already apparent in Britain, and the transatlantic example offers precious little in the way of corrective treatment. Mr. Packard's deeply disturbing book ends on a note of pious hope indistinguishable from pious hopelessness.

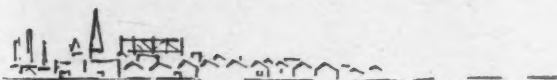
—BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

**THE CRIMEAN SCAPEGOAT**

**The Destruction of Lord Raglan.**

Christopher Hibbert. *Longmans*, 30/-

Mr. Hibbert has achieved the feat of writing about the Crimean War with a spontaneity that brings fresh life to this much written-over subject. In analysing the predicament of Lord Raglan that general emerges cleared of many of the charges that worried him into his grave. Lord Raglan had learned the lessons of war as a young man when he became Military Secretary to the Duke of Wellington. In this post he remained till the Duke's death, and it seems possible that forty years of a father-son relationship with such a dominating character subtly undermined his own powers of decision. He copied the Duke's habit of moving unobtrusively dressed among the troops, but his gentle personality was not strong enough to create a legend, and this habit merely earned him the reputation of leading his army from an aristocratic distance, neither knowing nor caring of the sufferings of the men. A brave and honourable man,



ROY DAVIS



he wrestled in vain with the hydra of 19th century military bureaucracy, and finally succumbed to the heartbreak of disastrous sickness in the field and attacks at home. Florence Nightingale, who suffered many things from Lord Raglan's inability to beat the system, wrote on his death "It was impossible not to love him," and it is this sentiment that gives warmth to Mr. Hibbert's brilliant study. — VIOLET POWELL

#### THE POLITIC THURLOE

**Cromwell's Master Spy.** D. L. Hobman. *Chapman and Hall, 21/-*

John Thurloe, the Secretary of State under the Protectorate, left a collection of papers that has been printed in seven volumes. Mr. Hobman has made an attractive book by simply dipping into these, summarizing and sometimes quoting, with as little general narrative as is necessary to make the detail intelligible. Thurloe's functions went far beyond Intelligence and the title is rather catchpenny, though reports from agents abroad do provide some of the most picturesque and odd passages. Some of the most interesting material concerns plots against Cromwell's life. The violent atmosphere of England in the six years after 1654 rather resembled Ireland in the six years after 1916.

Mr. Hobman is so anxious to let the rich variety of official correspondence illuminate the period that he does not give any picture of Thurloe's policy as a whole. How far was he simply a clerk to Cromwell, how far a servant with a consistent policy of his own? The papers on foreign affairs he produced for the changeover at the Restoration ought to be classics in the history of departmental "briefing."

— R. G. G. PRICE

#### EPITAPH FOR HEROES

**The Long Rescue.** Theodore Powell. *W. H. Allen, 25/-*

In 1881, as her share of the International Polar Commission's plan for a scientific survey, the US sent to Greenland a 25-strong expedition, commanded by Lt. A. W. Greely. Valuable data was collected. A party sallied to the then "farthest North": 83°24'. Two successive annual relief ships failed to get through. The third was held up, not

by Arctic but by grimmer political conditions. President Arthur decided that the rescue "was not something to be decided hastily." Then he went off to lunch with the Astors. "'The lunch,' reports said, 'was simple but served in splendid style.'" The betrayed starved. One who stole his comrades' food was shot.

At home Lt. Greely's wife and friends started a clamour which, almost too late, overcame Authority's disgraceful inertia. Mr. Powell sets out his narrative by antithetical treatment of the plight of the stranded and the political and physical struggles of the rescuers. The story is brilliantly documented. The motives of all the characters are uncovered with skill. Suspense broods over all as Night over the icecap. He has written a fitting epitaph for heroes.

— R. C. SCRIVEN

#### COLLECTORS' PIECE

**Collecting Antiques.** G. Bernard Hughes. *Country Life, £3 3s.*

The lure of antiquery, which pulls us irresistibly along the Rue Jacob and the Portobello Road, has inspired a good many books; but Mr. Hughes' vademecum must rank high among them. I wish (purely selfishly) that it included a chapter on Staffordshire figures, not merely Staffordshire dogs; I should have liked a chapter on embroidered pictures, and some mention of furniture. But if a

few of my own collector's items seem to me conspicuous by their absence, what a treasury of details in compensation! If I had not already begun to collect lustreware, this book would be enough to make me start; and I am now trying to repress a new interest in samplers, decanter labels and Battersea enamels, not to mention fans and papier mâché. This, in fact, is a book to satisfy and (with its lavish illustrations) to stimulate. It would be a book to give, if it wasn't a book to keep. — JOANNA RICHARDSON

#### CREDIT BALANCE

**Peter Camenzind.** Hermann Hesse. Translated by W. J. Strachan. *Peter Owen: Vision, 16/-*. Early autobiographical novel now included in the collected translation. Boy from small village becomes student. writes poetry, falls in love, visits Italy. Late romanticism. Full of art, nature, reality and other preoccupations of German novelists. Interesting mainly as throwing light on the later Hesse.

**Young Man Willing.** Roy Doliner. *Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 16/-*. Young Broadway flâneur in love with bitchy star and true-hearted secretary. In the background are producers, directors, hipsters and his financier father and veteran liberal uncle. What might have been very long and thorough is short and fast and impressionistic. Odd little sweet-sour ironic romance.

**High Street Africa.** Anthony Smith. *Allen and Unwin, 21/-*. Mr. Smith motor-cycled from Capetown to Alexandria, bumping, chatting, looking at animals and what landscape there was and getting a kick out of the idea of tracing Rhodes's dream highway from south to north. Despite some rather forced jocularity, his casual notes on people and places form a cunningly assembled picture of the physical and social patterns of the continent.

**Dog in the House.** A. F. Wiles. *Hammond Hammond, 4/6*. Forty-odd charming dog jokes by A. F. Wiles, including several from *Punch*. An attractive unbirthday present for dog-lovers.

**Practical Atlas.** Geo. Philip, 18/6. A really first-class new atlas of which the extremely moderate price is in no way reflected in the standard of its production.



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BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE

## FOR WOMEN

*Mother of Centaurs*

WHEN the census is taken this spring will it count if one puts "Pony Club Parent" where it says "Profession"? If not, then thousands of women will be wrongfully described as "housewife."

The start is quite insidious; in fact we are led to believe that our pony-mad children will be suitably occupied and cared for once they join the Pony Club. The next thing one hears is "My dear I'd have loved to but I'm stewarding a jump" (or jumping a steward for all I know) "at the inter-Branch." This is subtle flattery and we all fall for it. In fact we are dispatched to the farthest part of the course to watch a post and rails to which we are in honour bound for the rest of the day, while we write on limp pieces of paper five marks for a first refusal, fifteen for a fall. "Heavens, I never looked at the number. I'll have to put tall, fair child on big chestnut and ask." Our own child flashes past

and we won't know if she reached the other end in one piece. Footloose acquaintances bring snippets of news as they walk the course; it either pours or it's blisteringly hot. Soon we're a regular; we've got to be there so it's difficult to think of excuses.

At first it means sharing a box (such a pity Miranda shouldn't be in the team), and before long no football club has more dedicated followers. Only too soon Miranda insists that any chance of getting to the finals will be ruined unless we get a trailer and the where-withal to pull it. The comfortable family car is exchanged for a draughty Land Rover; Father lets his business go to pot to act as driver; Mother is valet, sandwich-cutter and, reluctantly, groom. Sweaty horses butt her in the chest and leave green foam all over her clothes. Soon she is indistinguishable from the other mothers who sit on bales of straw and talk endless shop.

Poor things, they have long lost touch with the outside world. You can spot the novices standing about like middle-aged beatniks waiting for something significant to happen.

Parents—I mean of course mothers; fathers just pay—fall into well-defined categories. The horsey kind are much the same anywhere, head-scarves gathered in tight little scrums talking their jargon of Kimblewicks and shoulder-in and windgalls. To dress like them and to become one of them is the final goal. On the fringes is the deprecatory kind, protesting a little too much that they don't know one end of a horse from the other and that their children are positively ashamed to have them around. Less obvious is the boasting in reverse. "Do you know my wretched brat actually got off half way round to spend a penny; of course she had seconds in hand..."

And then there are the ones with champagne, or at least gin, in the boot of the car, because they've contrived and contrived that Timothy shall win the cup on the most expensive pony their money can buy. They have a groom to exercise the pony until just before it goes into the ring; they have initialled fly sheets (it's nylon mesh now, I see) and a first-aid kit and a ciné camera. You can hear them telling their friends what fun it all is and of course *they* never mind if they get a rosette or not, it's just that Timothy's so keen it's a shame not to let him have a ride round. The overfed pony seems much keener than poor Timothy who dare not say he'd sooner be back at school.

Roll on the next holidays. The Secretary sent me the schedule this morning.

— E. M. KELLOCK



## House Rank

AFTER a marriage-time of horror at the thought I have moved into a Quarter. To live in Quarters seems to many Service wives if not the end at least the beginning of it. From there the path drops steeply to morning coffee parties, Tombola drives and mixed hockey on Saturdays.

It is not a bad Quarter. Everyone who comes tells us it is the best in the row. For one thing the hall is bigger. Actually the hall is the biggest room in the whole house, and this is because we rank an extra bedroom, so the added space downstairs makes a hall big enough for the pram, the soccer boots, two tricycles, a 'cello, a golf trolley, three tin trunks and a neatly rolled camp-bed. It all gives that lived-in look before you've even slammed the front door.

You have to slam the front door or it won't shut. We hadn't been in a week before the painters did the outside, and now none of the windows will open and our clothes are excitingly streaked with blue. It has to be blue because Commanders have blue front doors, Lieutenant-Commanders scarlet and Lieutenants green. Do not ask why. It may be occupationally significant (blue for sea-time, red for danger zone, green for youth) or they may have been drawn out of a hat years ago, but it does mean that green door calling on blue door to ask him to move his Minicar out of the way will know whether to say sir or not.

After the painters came two men with a handcart to take away the furniture. Not because we hadn't paid the rent (it's deducted at source anyway), but for polishing. It was then I learnt that my dressing-table had a mahogany finish; down the road it would be fumed oak. Every two days or so they would bring back perhaps a nest of tables shining like new boots, and take away the sideboard. This left a double row of glasses and bottles stacked behind the sofa and shocked the Captain's wife into believing I was a secret and full-time alcoholic when she came to tea. Last to go was the massive dining-room table, which has special bits underneath to screw it to the floor in heavy seas.

We are very lucky to have everything provided, and with just that nautical touch to make it really Home for the Sailor. Like the anchors on the table napkins, the blue Admiralty crest on the thick white china, and E.I.R. printed large on the dusters. It was quite a disappointment to find beds in the bedrooms, and not tiers of bunks or rows of swinging hammocks.

As in the naval cookery book where you have to divide all quantities by fifty, everything is on the grand and generous scale. Twelve of every size of plate, for instance, with a breakage allowance to replace the ones so heavy they fall of their own accord from feeble feminine fingers. There is a powerful mashing instrument which will hold

twenty potatoes in its ferocious jaws, but needs an Inter-Services Heavy-weight Champion's huge hand to grasp it, a ladle with a pint bowl and three-foot handle, a tin-opener which could prise the conning tower off a submarine, and a flour-sifter which takes two pounds of flour; but the frying pan accommodates one egg, at a tight fit.

The only slightly testing aspect of Quarters is that everyone else knows them too well from the time of the people before last: "They had the most marvellous taste in pictures, and she did brilliant things with the alcove, *there*; you wouldn't know it was the same room, now." No one has yet said "But darling, you've done wonders!" And they won't, because I haven't, and I shan't.

I like the flame and crimson carpets surrounded by bottle green linoleum (which a past Commander's wife is said to have inspected daily for brightness in every house along the lane). And I adore the indestructibly strong cretonne curtains with their imitation cross-stitch design which you can recognize everywhere from the wardroom of an aircraft carrier to your own top landing, but haven't seen in civilian windows since the 'thirties.

Besides, when it's the next tenant's turn to apply for a new bath mat and readdress letters she hoped were for her, to *me*, somebody will be telling her "Such chaos, you'd hardly believe! And lazy . . . why, they actually *bought* their vegetables." That ought to cheer her up.

— DAPHNE BOUTWOOD



# Toby Competitions

## No. 159—Umpire's Delight

THE time has come to revive the Medieval Tournament, but, of course, with the advantages of a central controlling body and laws to cover every eventuality. Draft four rules from the code. Limit: 120 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, April 5.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 159, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

## Report on Competition No. 156 (RIP)

Competitors were asked to provide an epitaph for any daily or Sunday newspaper, which they did with gusto. *The Times* came in for nothing but praise and the *Mirror* for nothing but blame. The only two papers to deserve the sonority of Latin are, apparently, the *Guardian* and the *Observer*.

The winner is:

D. J. MACKAY  
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To assist you some of the main features are listed on the form, but these are not necessarily the ones our panel of judges will choose.

ENTER NOW . . . make your life easy and go down to posterity in the future!"

Following are the runners up:

EPITAPH ON A SUNDAY NEWSPAPER  
Outgrowing the wildness of youth  
It acquired with the years

Respectability, prosperity, and worldly wisdom.

It shielded its readers from the dangerous issues of the day  
And soothed them with stories of human interest.

Ardent in the denunciation of vice  
It reinforced its exposures with copious illustrations.

Manifesting keen interest in biography and intimate history

It condescended to elicit personal experiences  
From the humblest malefactors.  
Its astrological conclusions were ever freely available

And its sporting prognostications were forgotten before the next issue.

Had it but served its KING  
As it had served its PEOPLE . . .  
"LECTOR, SI MONUMENTUM REQUIRIS,  
INTROSPE."

A. M. Robertson, 28 Wandle Court Gardens,  
Beddington, Croydon.

Readerless and quite inert  
Still it lies beneath the dirt  
With all its banner headlines furled,  
The News, now, of the Underworld.

Vera Telfer, 27 Lauderdale Mansions,  
London, W.9.

Here lies  
The Mirror of a King  
It reflected Royalty's pageant and popular opinion  
but not the bright play of mind  
and at last  
becoming tarnished and in danger of losing  
its backing  
it was  
after considerable reflection  
dropped

R. A. McKenzie, 28 Harold Road, Beulah  
Spa, London, S.E.19.

Here rests its corpse adown the ditch of Fleet  
A rag to Pride and Decency unknown;  
Salacity was e'er its daily meat,  
And Pruriency mark'd it for her own.

Sneaks were its columnists, and insincere,  
Purveying lurid, vulgar balderdash;  
They gave to Merit (all they had) a sneer,  
They gain'd from Libel (all they wish'd)  
hard cash.

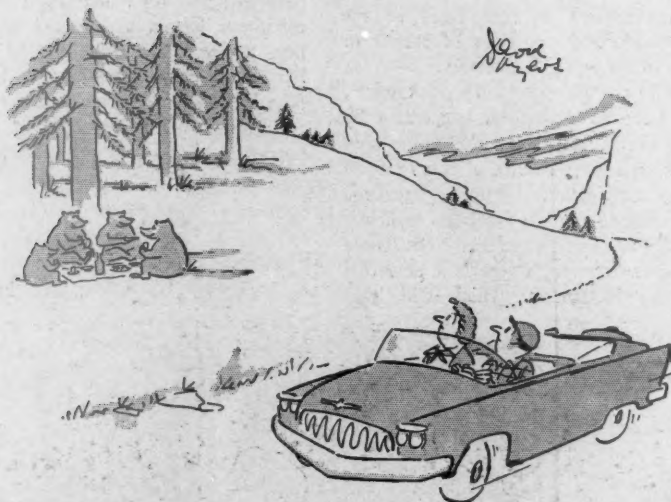
But tho' the sland'ers did their loathsome  
best,  
The advertisers saw the warning light;  
The suff'ring reading public did the rest,  
And now the \*—s dead—and serve it  
right!

\* Name according to taste and scansion.

Commander Robert T. Bower, RN, 3  
Oakhill Road, Putney, S.W.15

The *Sunday Telegraph*, we know,  
Was purposely designed  
To bridge the gulf, 'twixt intellect  
And feebleness of mind.  
A worthy aim; but sad to tell,  
By simply falling slap  
Between two stools, she's come to fill  
Another kind of gap.

Martin Fagg, 22 Pinewood Road, Bromley,  
Kent



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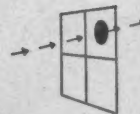
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The college will be one of the principal meeting places when the British Association holds its famous Annual Meeting in Norwich later this year.

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